

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 17, No. 2 (The Sheppard Publishing Co., Limited, Props.)
Office—26 Adelaide Street West.

TORONTO, CANADA, NOV. 21, 1903.

TERMS: { Single Copies, 5c. } Whole No. 834
Per Annum (in advance), \$2.

Things in General

NOT satisfied with having despatched warships to Panama with most extraordinarily belligerent instructions several days before the little republic was recognized, the President of the United States, taking for granted that the Senate will ratify whatever he has done or proposes to do to get the best of a bargain, is now having a new canal treaty formulated with the representatives of Panama. Thus practically within a couple of weeks, and in spite of the strongest and most dignified protests of Colombia, Panama has revolted, been recognized by the United States, and a new treaty regarding the construction of the Panama Canal is almost completed, with the puny power at the isthmus. This spoliation of Colombia certainly merits the strong opinions expressed by three of the New York papers: The "Times" (Ind.), "In this affair we are treading the path of scandal, disgrace and dishonor." "American" (Dem.), "We should rather forego forever the advantage of an interoceanic waterway than gain one by such means as this." "Evening Post" (Ind.), "Who could have imagined that an American Administration would make the Jameson raid look respectable? But that is precisely what the Government at Washington has done. Dr. Jameson could at least pretend to be actuated by humane motives; this mad plunge of ours is simply and solely a vulgar and mercenary venture, without a rag to cover its sordidness and its shame."

ON Tuesday night the First Presbyterian Church of Chatham, Ont., balloted for a new pastor. There were three candidates, one of whom retired after the first vote. In the following round Rev. Mr. Anderson of Shelburne and Rev. Mr. Findlay of Niagara Falls had an equal number of supporters. Just then somebody discovered that more ballots were cast than there were people qualified to vote, and a motion was passed that every member of the church should sign the ballot paper before depositing it. Mr. Anderson was elected by five of a majority, and then an attempt was made to ballot him against Rev. Mr. McGillivray, which made a large number of Mr. Anderson's followers so hot that they left the church. When ballot frauds creep into church elections, particularly amongst our staid Presbyterian brethren, it would seem as if we had got pretty near to the point where an honest vote on anything is well-nigh impossible.

MR. THOMAS CRAWFORD, M.P.P., appears to have received his annual invitation to become a mayoralty candidate. It would be interesting to know how often Mr. Crawford has been "pressed by his friends" to offer himself for the position of chief executive of Toronto. Invariably he has thought it over and declined, though more than once he has taken so much time to decide that other possible candidates were discouraged from declaring themselves. Just why Mr. Crawford has been so often spoken of as a fit and proper Mayor it would be hard to explain. Neither his business nor experience justifies the prominence and value he has been given as a mayoralty keep-sake. As I believe he has already expressed the opinion that the Conservatives may not be able to put the present Mayor out of business for next year, I am inclined to think that the time he has taken to consider the present urgent appeal of his party friends is simply intended to give him the usual amount of per annum advertising which for years he has obtained in a similar way, and his answer will be the customary regret that he cannot see his way clear to accept the invitation.

THE election of school trustees under the new system, which reduces the Board—not including Separate school representatives—to a dozen members, and greatly increases the responsibility by placing the Public schools, Collegiate Institutes and Technical School under the one management, is naturally enough exciting great interest amongst those who have the welfare of our educational institutions at heart. Some prominent business men and educationists are already moving in the direction of the nomination of efficient men as candidates. It is to be hoped that whatever committee or league takes hold of the matter will have as large and influential a membership as it is possible to obtain so there will be no suspicion of clique management. The editors of the daily newspapers should be invited to accept the nomination, and they in turn should find out from the reporters who have recorded the doings of various school boards the names of those who have been most businesslike in the past. For the old Board should surely be represented in the new management, otherwise the new trustees will be quite at a loss where to begin. The mistake should not be made of putting too many so-called expert educationists on the ticket, for what the people really want is not more fads and furbelows, but results which will meet the approbation of business men who know what is needed to make a good business boy. The chief aim of our schools is not to turn out a few brilliant pupils, but to have an average output of sensible, well-equipped and polite-mannered boys and girls. Expert educationists are apt to think that the great endeavor of a school system should be to feed the university with students instead of to fill the daily walks of life with those who, if they feel inspired to attempt a larger career, will find themselves building on a solid foundation. It is too much to hope that all the men elected to the Board will be worthy of the position, but if a proper effort is made a majority of good men can be had, or at least sufficient to shame those who have obtained the position by cheek or plug-popularity, into silence.

WITH one accord the newspapers of Ontario are busy denouncing political corruption and trying to show how it can be abolished, or at least minimized. The "News" of this city last Saturday published an elaborate description of an organization begun before the last general election for the Federal House in 1900. It is interesting, more on account of what it leaves unsaid than for what it says. It appears that "one evening eight or ten prominent citizens of Toronto of Conservative leanings met to talk over political matters" and suddenly and without being nominated by anybody formed themselves into the Ontario Conservative Association, which must not be confounded with the Liberal-Conservative Association of Ontario, which appears to be for the smaller fry and the unwashed generally, and has charge of the general party organization of all the province and of which all Conservative legislators, candidates and officers of the local associations in the various constituencies are members. As the article says, "The Ontario Conservative Association was a comparatively small group of representative men vitally interested in Canada's advancement and in maintaining the institutions of this country on a sound basis." Moreover, the new association banded together to put down corruption, pay the legitimate expenses of public meetings, candidates and literature, etc., provide funds for protests, hire detectives, and give the poor man a chance to get into Parliament. They also decided to "obtain if possible, and if desired, a provincial charter of incorporation, empowering the association to carry out the objects and purposes above indicated, and other objects and purposes of a kindred nature thereto." It seems that they did not deem it necessary to obtain a charter, inasmuch as they elected a council to take charge of its affairs. "Five members of which should constitute a quorum." It appears that they recognized that "a central campaign fund is an absolute necessity in any political party," and they proposed to, and probably did, help candidates who had not the means to run on their own hook. The necessity for such help is considered "especially true of a body like the Ontario Legislature, where many of the members are farmers of moderate means." The help given to the candidate was accompanied by a pledge that no money was to be improperly used; if any was left it should be returned. We are told that the total sum raised by the association for the Federal elections of 1900 was \$10,673, of which after the election was over there was an unexpended surplus of \$1,950, and "the result was a majority of upwards of twenty in this province for the party's candidates." With pride the association points out that it "refused even to recognize as a legiti-

mate practice the bringing of absent voters home to cast their ballots." No wonder, for this is considered one of the most corrupt of practices, resulting in the past in unseating many members-elect. In the provincial campaign "Mr. Whitney gave the charge of the party's funds" over to this association, who, including their surplus, raised a fund of \$28,895. The "News" refers to \$4,633 expended for detective services, and of two men elected to the Legislature who "swore that they had not expended the sum sent to them, but had merely put the funds in their pockets." After the election was over \$6,737 remained unexpended, but much of it has since been spent in connection with protests. To conclude this highly laudatory article, the writer remarks: "The group of founders who undertook to demonstrate that no corruption was practised by Conservative workers in the last campaign, but in the main they are satisfied with the result of their labors, and they are satisfied also that only by such measures will politics be placed on a cleaner, saner and more economical basis—that is to say, by Reform from Within."

All this reads very prettily, but it gives me a yearn to know who these "representative citizens" were who appear to have banded themselves in secret to reform the habits—evidently bad ones—into which the Conservative party had fallen in common with their Liberal opponents. Why are names not given? Publicity is the first element of political purity. To whom was money given, and why? Were the motives ascribed to these political purifiers as high as the writer in the "News" appears to think they were? Political corruption is not carried on with money alone, nor in monkeying with bal-

lance, and eight different kinds of vegetables. The Minister of Agriculture, in a half-hour speech, gave the youngsters a great deal of encouragement and extolled the advantages and the dignified calling of the farmer. If there were more of these sensible efforts made to turn the attention of city lads to the possibilities and pleasures of farm life there would probably be fewer sallow-faced, hollow-chested clerks perpetually on the hunt for employment.

THE street railway strike in Chicago is daily assuming more serious proportions, and the people of that large city are likely to be forced to walk by the "sympathetic" strikes on the elevated as well as on the surface roads. Anybody who has even a faint conception of the hardship this will inflict upon a population of considerably over a million will be apt to marvel that at this stage of so-called civilization the innocent worker and business man must suffer for the sins of the strikers and the railroad managers. The owners of the railway where the trouble originated have taken the cruel and, it seems to me, indefensible position of refusing arbitration, and the men, who certainly have grievances, would surely have had the sympathy of all right-thinking people if they had refrained from violence which has already occasioned bloodshed. The time will yet come in the United States and Canada when those employed on public utilities absolutely necessary to the well-being of the public will have to be enrolled as soldiers are, and strikes made as impossible in such industrial concerns as they are in the army. At stated intervals and with proper notices boards of arbitration



TAM O' SHANTER ROSS'S RIDE.

So Maggie runs, the witches follow,
Wi' monie an eldritch screech and hollow.

Ah Tam! Ah Tam! thou'll get thy fairin!
In hell they'd roast thee like a herrin!

lots, nor in bringing in absentee voters. All of these things are in themselves bad, and show a rottenness at the root of the tree. The worst kind of corruption is that which attacks the member after he is elected. Not knowing the names of the eight or ten "prominent citizens" one is led to enquire whether or not they or a majority of them were connected with large corporations which find it exceedingly handy to have a mortgage on a newly-elected member. What more effectual mortgage could they have on a man than that they had provided him with means to obtain a seat in the Legislature or the Dominion House? Were there any charter-grabbers, timber limit hunters or corporation managers included in the select few? One would almost think that such was the case, for if they had not been men accustomed to forming companies why should the absurd idea have suggested itself of forming themselves into a chartered company in which they should hold the preference shares and control the cash? Did it not seem to them a piece of rank egotism to meet without election or selection as the few really good men interested in Conservative politics? Where are the others, who form not only the rank and file of the party, but the leaders and the lieutenants, the drum-majors and the corporals? It is rather a taking idea for a few men to constitute themselves the finance committee, the purified ones, those without sin, in the Conservative party. The limit set to the number required for a quorum conveys the shocking thought of how few sheep and how many goats nibble the grass of the Conservative pastures. Personally, I cannot quite accept the estimate that these "prominent citizens" have of themselves, or that the "News" has of them, without having a list of the names where I can see it. Tell us, O gentle "News," where these men dwell that we may go and worship at their shrine.

At a recent meeting of the principal men engaged in lake shipping, among a number of other things for which they expressed a desire was that the canal now closed on Sunday, except after October 1st in each year, shall be open on that day throughout the whole season of navigation. Seldom is an argument more briefly put than the one urged against this Sabbatarian restriction: "Nature's waterways are not closed; railways are not closed; the Erie Canal is not closed; the season of navigation is all too short." I have never yet heard of the strictest advocate of Sabbatarian observance refusing to cross the ocean because he would have to travel on Sunday, nor when on the ocean petitioning the captain to let the steamer drift while all the stokers, and engineers, and sailors and officers attend divine worship or rest from their tasks. The rivers do not cease to flow nor the lakes go dry to prevent the so-called Sabbath desecration of a ship passing through their waters. Why should canal-closing delay a ship and possibly cause it to be met by a storm? Are we to be stricter than our Creator or wiser than the One who has the winds in His hand and whose voice the waters obey?

THAT was a right good idea of the Broadview Boys' Institute who at their recent annual dinner nude up their bill of fare entirely of the products of the miniature farms tilled by the little agriculturists. Fifty boys sat down to an excellent dinner, the tables being decorated also with what the lads had themselves produced. The corn husk menu

should settle the rate of pay and men should not be permitted to leave the service without proper warning having been given of their intention, on the penalty of losing a percentage of their pay, which should be kept back as a guarantee deposit. It seems to me there is no other way of avoiding these terrible conflicts between labor and capital, or between labor and the State, should it ever be that these public utilities are owned and managed by the commonwealth.

A DOMINION member of Parliament who dropped into my office the other day was so thoroughly convinced that his—the Conservative—party is about to come into power in Ontario that at my suggestion he made out a list of the members of the Legislature who would almost certainly obtain Cabinet positions:

Whitney (Dundas), Minister of Education (Lawyer).
Foy (South Toronto), Attorney-General (Lawyer).
Matheson (Lanark), Provincial Treasurer (Lawyer).
Mismacphell (not in House), Crown Lands (Lumberman).
Hanna (West Lambton), Provincial Secretary (Lawyer).
Henrie (Hamilton), Public Works (Contractor).
Finlay Macdonald (West Elgin), Agriculture (Farmer).
Dr. Willoughby (East Northumberland), or
Dr. Payne (East Toronto), Speaker.

My wise friend said that Messrs. Carscadden, Hoyle, Crawford and Duff would also be keen candidates for a portfolio, but that as a forecast he thought his slate would be pretty near "it." However, "the old war horse is still in the saddle," as Mr. Herbert Mowat would have it, and it may yet be found that it is pretty hard to unseat him. I am presenting you with the above list, gentle reader, without any extra charge, as it will probably be of interest to a good many to see how these names will look in print in such a connection, though it is said to be unlucky to try on other people's clothes before the owners are dead.

IT is rumored that Rev. J. A. Macdonald will deliver a sermon from the "Globe" pulpit, preaching from the text, "Of the making of affidavits there is no end, and much swearing is a weariness of the flesh."

THE picturesque town of Orillia has been having the time of its life with an evangelist who called himself Judkins, and who conducted services in the Methodist church. On November 12th Judkins, who is known at home as Wheeler, returned to the land of the freaks in the care of Sheriff Shoemaker of Marshalltown, Iowa. He is to answer to the charge of obtaining \$1,000 from Caroline Strain of Le Grand, Ia., on the plea that he needed the money to secure the control of a "cancer cure" company. It was all the money Caroline had, and when she found there was no such company things began to happen.

"Judkins" career reads like a column in a New York Sunday paper. He was a "natural born orator" who entered the ministry at the age of nineteen. In 1891 he was expelled from an Advent church in Concord, and then turned his talents and energy to temperance work. He was a dazzling success as prosecuting officer of the Law and Order League in New Hampshire; then became a pastor in Auburn, Maine, where, after two years, he again suffered dismissal. Rev. John Locke

of Orillia made a statement from his pulpit in which he declared that he had received "testimonials" from other parsons before he engaged the star "Judkins." The richest thing in Mr. Locke's statement is the outbreak, "We gladly affirm that everything we have seen and known of Dr. Judkins in personal intercourse has been beautifully in harmony with the best things uttered in the above testimonials." Think of the exquisite music of this life, a perfect symphony of consistency! There are testimonials that are not worth the blotting paper they are dried on, and Canadian pastors would do well to beware of alien evangelists. It is time to demand a "made-in-Canada" article, and then we stand some chance of knowing the "natural born orator's" record. Of course those of us who have some grey hairs will not judge of a church or a community by such frauds as the silver-tongued "Judkins." But such creatures do infinite harm sometimes to the young boy or girl who may have been stirred by the excellent teaching and who cannot always separate the man from his doctrine. Many of us have a horror of certain phrases and verses because we heard them from those who were false to their profession. Wherefore it would be well, if we must have evangelists, to be extra careful of the gentlemen from over the way. The career of evangelist is easy to the man who is gifted with a glib tongue and a persuasive way with the "sisters." The regular pastor is a safer if less stimulating guide.

MORE than four hundred of our Toronto teachers, under the chaperonage of Inspector James L. Hughes, paid a visit to Ottawa last week. It was a good thing for the teachers to see our national capital, with its picturesque river and hills and its massive Houses of Parliament. The visit may infuse more animation into their teaching of the ways and means of our Constitution. Also, it was a good thing for Ottawa to see our teachers. Toronto is not ashamed of their complexions or their culture. In fact, they are a fine refutation of that slandering Englishwoman who reviled the looks of her Canadian sisters. Even in those dark days when Howland the Haughty withheld their salaries, Toronto teachers managed to look cheerful and well groomed. They enjoyed Ottawa, the capital was good to them, and in the meantime juvenile Toronto had a holiday.

IT seemed worth while for the Associated Press to telegraph a story from Terre Haute, Ind., about a young couple who went there to get married but had no money to pay the license fee of two dollars or the small sum charged by the justice of the peace for performing the ceremony. The issue of licenses gave them a permit on credit and the bride put up her ring to pay for the ceremony, and a dollar loan was advanced by the justice to set them up in housekeeping. There is nothing very unusual in the story, but it suggests a subject of a good deal of interest. It is not only people from the slums and the back woods and the mountains who get married on "tick." Those who are not accustomed to anything better than a hut or a room in a tenement house may with equanimity stand the privations of a hungry honeymoon, and it is quite possible that they may brace up and get along in their little world without becoming charges on the public. Too many young fellows and young girls who have hardly got out of their teens get married on a salary which is barely sufficient to maintain one. In such haste as people to get married that they forget that response and expenses do not decrease, but increase, with marriage. It should be considered necessary to the proof of a man's worth that while single he is capable of denying self and saving money enough to banish the haunting thought of a brief rainy day. If the girl really cares for the man she will wait for him; if the man really cares for the girl he will work for her and be able to offer her something better than a shabby room in a cheap boarding-house. Early marriages may be an exceedingly good thing for providing a country with population, but early marriages in such poverty as the despatch quoted describes are very liable also to provide the country with paupers, broken-spirited men, hopeless and frowsy women, unkempt children, and many other undesirable features. Every Sunday I see couples who are nothing more than boy and girl wheeling a baby-carriage, and I am puzzled to know whether either of them had enough sense when they got married to know what they wanted. Those who have no ability probably get along even better than if they were single, but those who feel within themselves a power to rise are well described by the old adage as "giving hostages to fate" that they will never be great" when they take on the responsibilities of married life before they have had an opportunity to show their ability to fly. Where a man hopes to pound out a living on the soil a wife is really a helpmate, for there are four arms instead of two to lift the load. In a city early marriages may keep young men out of temptation, but where one half-baked youngster is saved from going wrong by premature matrimony a half a dozen hopeful couples are turned into drudges. A man fears to leave a small certainty for fear his wife and babies will go hungry, and all his ambitions are chilled at the outset.

Of course there is something to be said on the other side of this question. The fact that a very young city man has a wife and perhaps a family may fill him with ambition to do the best he can for them. But this is not the sort of man who is barely able to pay for a license fee and hand over a couple of dollars to a clergyman for performing the ceremony. No man succeeds who does not look ahead; no one should marry who does not look ahead, for sickness and death come to all alike and hunger cannot be satisfied with endearments. Philosophers may tell us that ambition brings more unhappiness than humility, but a life without ambition, or if reasonable ambition be killed by domestic burdens, cannot by any philosophy be established as a desirable condition.

THE QUEEN has withdrawn her name as patroness of the Royal London Institution and Home for Lost and Starving Cats, which thus ceases to be a "Royal" institution. An announcement like this must seem to the average Canadian a joke, but it isn't. The "institution" recently obtained an unpleasant prominence owing to a charge of mismanagement. I forget whether it was of the funds or the cats. It must be a queer sentiment which leads people to subscribe money and spend their time in directing such fool "Homes" and taking care of nuisances which ought to be killed. Why should a homeless and starving cat be petted and cared for and live the Queen as a patroness of the institution which looks after the many creatures, while London is swarming with lost and starving children, to say nothing of homeless men and hopeless women? While these crank institutions become more numerous, statistics show that poverty and vice in the great metropolis are by no means being diminished. It may seem harsh, but it is logical, to make a comparison between the sentiment which looks after stray cats which are of no good to anybody, and that most insistent fad of civilization which demands that the idiot shall be housed, fed, groomed, and generally cared for while men, women and children who have no physical infirmities and might be of great use to the State are left starve and go to the devil with scarcely a helping hand reached out to better their condition, or a kindly voice to give them encouragement. In New York not long ago a banquet was given to the pet dogs of a number of wealthy families, and it is not unusual in great cities to see fat and wheezy pugs taken out in a splendid carriage with coachman and flunky for an airing. Is it wonderful that the hungry and the homeless, seeing such things or reading about them, turn with bitter hatred from the rich to the sympathy and spurious helpfulness of the Socialists?

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, it appears, has had to revamp the following section of the message he had prepared for the extra session of Congress. For empty but pretentious flattery the cancelled paragraphs come up to anything that has been said on similar occasions. By Presidents who have had to gloss over internationally indecent incidents with high-sounding words, but there is little hope that they will be replaced by anything less arrogant. Here they are: "Highly authorized on international law hold that the canal can be dug as an incident to exercising the power to prevent the obstruction of

traffic across the isthmus," he says. "Nevertheless, in accordance with our settled policy of behaving with scrupulous fairness and generosity toward our weaker sister republics of the south, we have endeavored to provide for the building of the canal by treaty."

"It seems evident that in a matter such as this we should finally decide which is the best route, and then give notice that we can no longer submit to trifling or insincere dealing on the part of those whom the accident of position has placed in temporary control of the ground through which the route must pass; that if they will come to an agreement with us in a straightforward fashion, we shall in return act not only with justice, but with generosity; and that if they fail to come to such an agreement with us we must forthwith take the matter into our own hands."

Canada has never seen any of this policy of "scrupulous fairness and generosity" about which the President talks so glibly. Nor can we understand by what right the United States, after choosing "the best route," should proceed to dig a canal where and how it deems please through the territory of those whom the accident of position has placed in temporary control of the ground through which the route must pass. It seems that the United States arrogates to itself the right to practically invade the territory of a friendly nation in order to facilitate its own commerce. If Canada were to use the same argument it would have a right to seize a strip of land through what is now an Alverstone portion of Alaska and build a railroad from the Klondike to the Pacific coast in spite of those whom the accident of position has placed in temporary control of the ground through which the route must pass, and "if the United States fail to come to such an agreement with us, we must forthwith take the matter into our own hands."

Such talk as this from Premier Laurier with regard to a Canadian outlet on the Pacific coast would put Roosevelt and the United States Congress in a frenzy. Yet Roosevelt and the United States Congress are giving this sort of bluster to the Republic of Colombia! Supposing the United States desired to build and control a canal through Canadian territory from Lake Huron to Lake Erie, it would no doubt seem decent of them to offer Canada a small compensation, and if we did not accept it they would doubtless proceed to say "that we can no longer submit to trifling or insincere dealing," etc., and proceed to dig the canal and gobble the territory on each side of it, without even taking the trouble to send a few filibusters into the Counties of Essex and Kent to declare a republic which would be at once recognized and then incorporated as a part of the United States. The worst feature of the whole business is the hypocrisy shown not only in the President's message, but by the newspapers of the United States. So puffed up by their own importance have our neighbors become that they imagine that any nation whose neck gets into the talons of the eagle should thank God for the paternal caresses of the huge bird of prey.

A BOOK Agents' Union has been formed at Syracuse, N.Y., and has applied for affiliation to the Trades Assembly of that place. If it succeeds in Syracuse it may be expected to spread with disquieting rapidity through the United States and Canada, for if anybody needs protection from rebuffs the book agent claims to be at the top of the list, though there are many who are of the opinion that victims of the book agent's persistent talk deserve to come first. One of the rules of the union prescribes that any member who has been subjected to an insult by a business or professional man must forthwith report the same to the secretary, whereupon a special meeting of the union will be called, and a committee appointed to wait upon the offending person. In the event of an apology not being offered, the person insulting the book agent is to be placed under a boycott, notice of the same being made public on the telegraph and telephone poles, and on the billboards of the city or town in which the boycotted person resides. Business men in whose offices are displayed signs reading, "Book agents not allowed here," are warned to remove such signs, under penalty of being boycotted. Any member of the union who purchases supplies of any kind from a business man that has been boycotted is to be fined five dollars, and union book agents are also fined if they patronize merchants who sell to a boycotted person. It may strike the dear reader that some of these provisions savor strongly of black-mail.

It is to be observed that a business or professional man not only be careful how he treats a union book agent, but also refrain from purchasing a book of an agent not a member of the union, lest in this case also he be subjected to a boycott. It will be impossible to get rid of a book agent's vicinity by offering fifty cents or a dollar for a cheap publication, because the union forbids its members to "handle" any book that sells for less than two dollars and fifty cents. Of course those who are pestered by book agents, often in their busiest hours, may contend that such canvassers are unnecessary and that any book either needed or desired can be bought much more cheaply of a regular bookseller, who pays taxes and waits for customers to come instead of wasting much valuable energy in cornering a victim and talking him to death. As a rule all legitimate canvassers are used courteously by business people and no affront is offered them unless they refuse to take a polite "no" for an answer. However, the leaders of organized labor of all kinds seem to be assuming the position that their demands shall be only limited by what in the eye of the law is a clearly defined criminal offense.

THERE are some Canadians still living who can remember the extravagance and injustice of Crown rule in this country. Early in the year I made a trip through the British West Indies, all of which are in a greater or less degree Crown colonies, visiting Barbados, and it was astonishing to find, though the islands are in a very depressed condition, what large salaries were paid to understrappers as well as to the Governors. Despite the huge expenditure of money in the South African war, Great Britain seems to be unduly lavish in the payment of the officials appointed to manage the affairs of the recently acquired colony, largely increasing the none too frugal amounts exacted during the Boer ascendancy. In the old days the ex-Boer President and his attendants received £8,000 a year; the present Lieutenant-Governor and his attendants take £12,752. Under the Boer Government there was a State Secretary at £2,900 and an Assistant Secretary at £2,500 a year—total, £5,400. Now there is a Colonial Secretary at £3,000, and two assistants at £1,500 each—total, £6,000. The Boer Commissioner for Native Affairs had £1,600 a year and two secretaries, £1,100; the present Commissioner draws £3,000 and the two secretaries £2,500—an increase from £2,700 to £5,500. Formerly the Postmaster-General was paid £1,000 and the secretary £500; now the salaries of these officials are £1,800 and £1,000 respectively. The Boer Commissioner of Mines got £1,600 a year; the present Commissioner is paid £2,500. The salary of the Government architect has gone up from £750 to £1,200 a year, and similar increases have occurred in every department. There are about twenty officials enjoying salaries of £1,000 per annum, whose posts did not exist under the Boers, and the number of the additions to the permanent staff getting salaries under £1,000 is legion.

Commenting on this state of affairs, Labouchere, whose utterances perhaps should be discounted owing to the fact that he was pro-Boer during the war, remarks: "I should say that a better hunting ground for 'patriotic' journalists, hangers-on of Lord Milner, and broken-down Unionist wire-pullers, in search of a Government berth, is not to be found on the habitable globe. In the meantime, what I should like to know is when we are to get our thirty millions which Mr. Chamberlain promised to us as the Transvaal contribution towards the war, and when, as per bargain with that eminent financier, the mining magnates are going to pay up the ten millions of that amount for which, according to him, they made themselves responsible."

The facts more than the comment will be of interest to the Canadian soldiers who "fit and bled" on the veldt, and possibly to the relatives of those who died there. Our soldiers learned something of the bull-headed arrogance of some of the British officials, great and small, and reading over the list they will perhaps wonder if it was for the creation of a lot of soft snaps for Downing street dukes that they took part in that long and bloody South African war. Of course living is temporarily very expensive in South Africa, but I am afraid that the official expenditure will be hard to justify.

THE "Mail and Empire," with an untruthfulness which is really astonishing even in that mendacious sheet, says: "Empire-breaking most wanton and senseless" is how the London "Outlook" regards the "Globe's" campaign of resentment against Great Britain.

I read the article in the "Outlook" in which the phrase, "Empire-breaking most wanton and senseless" was used, and it was most distinctly applied to Lord Alverstone and that ilk which supports him in his decision and his refusal to explain his action. Furthermore, the same paper, which is a staunch friend of Canada in this matter, says: "When Canada makes the demand (for treaty-making power) she will make it with a full intention not alone of getting her way, but

of making good her position when she has got it. British Ministers know that this treaty-making right can no more be refused than was Canada's claim to fiscal independence in 1878. Do we then foresee Canadian independence? Far from it. 'This is an old country,' said Mr. Chamberlain at Liverpool on Wednesday; 'we are old with honors and burdens beyond the average imposed upon us; but the Empire of which we are a part is new.' We must discover new expedients," said Mr. Wyndham at Dover on the same day, "and we must advance with greater faith towards a larger hope." We must, and Canada, in her unalterable loyalty to the best British traditions, and by her demand for rule treaty-making powers, will, we hope and believe, show us the way. The Alverstones and Lansdownes have blindly blocked the old road. They are our unwitting benefactors. The new road is the road that leads to a real and effectual partnership, along which we must expect to miss some of the old familiar landmarks."

"GOIN' FISHIN'" is great sport for the majority of both boys and men, but it is well to bear in mind that the preservation of fish is a governmental undertaking looking at the economic rather than the sportsman's phase of it. Few countries have such water stretches as Canada—lakes large and small, great rivers and little rivers, streams without number. The Great Lakes can be made to provide fresh fish for ages to come for a population as vast as we can hope for, and it is encouraging to know that all the States bordering on these immense bodies of fresh water excepting New York are willing to co-operate with Canada in preserving the fish from indiscriminate netting. This sort of thing has been prevalent on the United States side of the lakes for so long that the waters have become depleted, hence the many fish-pirates who invade the more carefully preserved Canadian side. The indiscriminate slaughter of fish and a failure to restock the waters continued even in Canada until a falling off in the catch was distinctly noticeable. Health is never appreciated until we lose it, and an abundance of cheap-food in the nature of fish seems unimportant until fish get scarce and dear. Throughout New Ontario, Manitoba, the North-West, in the minor streams of British Columbia, no effort should be spared by the Governments concerned to place within the reach of the people an abundant supply of this wholesome and nutritious food. Our water stretches should be carefully looked after as adjuncts of prosperous settlements. The fish as well as the land should be the property of the people, and large concessions to fishing companies on either our rivers or our lakes should never be given.

Sweet Cider.

The dapper waiter lingers—
What shall I drink to-night?
I turn, with listless fingers,
The wine-list to the light;
And while I scan it, thinking
That wine has lost its charm,
I dream once more of drinking
Sweet cider at the farm.

From Grandad's ancient settle,
Before the crackling blaze,
I watch the singing kettle—
A merry tune it plays.
There, when the corn was snapping,
And apples sized and steamed,
With Grandad slyly napping,
My sweetest dreams were dreamed.

The winter wind, snow-laden,
Concoxed up the roaring flames,
And there a rosy maiden
Sat by and played me games;
There Love, who heard the clinking
Of glasses, came and saw
Two happy lovers drinking
Sweet cider through a straw.

Snug-sheltered from the weather,
At Boreas we laughed,
And quenched our thirst together
In that cool amber draught.
That drink of Grandad's making,
Pressed in the mill hard by,
Set no light head to aching,
Turned no bright speech awry.

Still'd are the clinking glasses,
Long vanished is your smile,
Oh, rosiest of dreams;
But still I dream, and while
My grey mustache I'm dipping
In wine without a flaw,
I see your red lips slipping
Sweet cider through a straw.

—Lippincott's Magazine.

Royal Alliances.

It has often been remarked that the daughters of leading potentates marry to much less advantage, from a worldly point of view, than the daughters of minor princes. Two reasons may account for this—one being that princesses occupying an exalted position from their birth sometimes attach little importance to it; and the other, that a king or crown prince in search of a consort may prefer one from a little country or a branch family, who will be more accommodating in her ways, more likely to regard his people as her people, than the daughter of a great sovereign.

Within the last fifty years only two matrimonial alliances have been contracted between highnesses representing the leading powers of Europe—to wit, the eldest daughter of Queen Victoria with the heir-presumptive to the throne of Prussia, and the only daughter of the Czar Alexander II. with Queen Victoria's second son. In each case the illustrious bride was credited with being self-willed, and very determined to have her own way as principal partner in the household.

The present Crown Princess of Denmark, only child of a King of Sweden, is generally regarded as a masterful woman, happy in her domestic life because she has an amiable husband, and was blessed with a tactful mother-in-law, who never forgot that dear Frederic's wife brought a very large fortune into the family. With this masculine-looking crown princess another king's daughter, Princess Maud of England, does not always agree, as the older lady finds the younger very resolute in a preference for her own country and the neighborhood of parents to that of parents-in-law.

The Marriage Market.

As society is at present constituted, no prince connected with a reigning house, however poor, can compete with non-royal dukes, counts and barons in the matrimonial market and secure the millionairess who makes things comfortable for high-born impecuniosity.

The "American" heiress is usually regarded as the most desirable prize on the Continent as in England, for the broad ocean rolls between her and her father's shop and any unprepossessing relations who have not risen with the family fortunes. Moreover, she is not weighed down by the sense of being a parvenue among patricians—as might the daughter of a newly-enriched man belonging to an old country. In the company of princesses and of sixteen-quartering people the transatlantic feminine considers herself as good as any, serene in the consciousness that the full pocket balances with pedigree nowadays, in all but very exclusive quarters.

The full triumph of the money-bag, though, has yet to come in the marriage between some untitled millionaire's daughter and a royal prince, with nothing left-handed or organic about it, but with the bride "recognized" as of the same degree as her husband. No European heiress can expect to compass such an achievement in these early years of the new century, for tradition and custom are dead against her. The Yankee rival has all her advantages, and leaves the disadvantages on the other side of the water.—Modern Society.

A Whistler Story.

William M. Chase has a story of Whistler, the artist, who died recently in London. A year ago Mr. Chase went abroad to have his portrait painted by Sargent. He saw much of Whistler in London, and they got along famously until Whistler inaugurated a series of daily quarrels. Chase stood it for some time, but as the situation became most uncomfortable, he told Whistler that they had better part before they came to blows.

"Part?" said Whistler. "What for?"
"Because I cannot stand this incessant quarreling."
"Too bad," said Whistler. "It is such relaxation. And I can only enjoy it with my friends, for my enemies only let me do it once."—New York "Times."

The New Thought of Faith

REV. J. T. SUNDERLAND, M.A., of Jarvis Street Unitarian Church, delivered the first sermon in his series of discourses on "Religious Thought in the Twentieth Century" last Sunday evening to an earnest and appreciative audience. After stating that it was his intention to sketch the more important characteristics of that larger and better Christianity which the twentieth century is ready for, the speaker announced his text, Hebrews 11: 40, "God having provided some better thing."

When one is sailing on the sea and the waves are rolling in the direction in which one sails, he does not realize that he is moving, even if his speed be great, because everything he can see around is moving with him.

So we all, moving forward together as we are, in this extraordinary age of ours, do not realize how great changes and transitions we are all the while experiencing. Nor are the changes all external. On the contrary, the overturnings and new departures that are everywhere making their appearance in the world of men's thought are of the most profound and radical character.

We are living in an age of science. How large a thing is our modern science coming to be! How deep is it striking its roots into all human thought and life. How rich and varied fruit is it bearing already. Comparatively it is a new thing in the world. Already its influence is beginning to be felt, not alone in physical and material things, but in philosophy, literature, art, and even morals and religion.

The doctrine of the reign of law, or that the universe is law-governed, is epoch-making in its influence upon theological thought. The doctrine of evolution is not less wide-reaching and not less revolutionary in its religious implications. Vast new light is coming from the new and better Biblical scholarship of our time. We are to have a new, larger, and better Christianity. We see signs of its coming on every hand. Such heretics as the late Prof. Robertson Smith of Scotland, Dr. Briggs of New York, Dr. Thomas, Prof. Swing, and Prof. Gilbert of Chicago, Prof. Steen of Montreal, the pastor-elect of this church, and hundreds of others, are signs, fast multiplying, of its coming. Scores and hundreds of new books from the pens of the ablest religious scholars and thinkers of England, Scotland, Holland, Germany, every important country of Europe, the United States and Canada, are unmistakable signs of its coming. Nothing is more certain than that the Christianity of the past fifteen hundred years is slowly passing away. Nothing is more certain than that a new and better Christianity is coming to take its place.

My question this evening is, What, so far as we are able to see them, are some of the leading characteristics of this larger and better Christianity which the freer and nobler souls of the twentieth century are certain more and more eagerly to welcome?

I think enough progress has already been made, so that several things may be affirmed with confidence. And first this: While it will leave behind it much that calls itself Christianity to-day, I think we may be entirely certain that it will not leave behind anything that is of value to the moral and spiritual life of man. There are persons who are always fearing that the world is going to lose something—fearing that light and knowledge, that science and untrammelled thought, have some evil power in them which religion needs to be on its guard against. But the truth seems to be that this way of looking at things is a very subtle and dangerous kind of infidelity. It is not thinking that is dangerous; it is neglecting to think. It is not knowledge that religion needs to fear; it is ignorance, bigotry, superstition. When men find out what truth is, and what things are really good, they are not going willingly to throw them away. Thus we may be sure that every element of religion developed anywhere in the great past which has shown itself to have power to strengthen man's heart or to lift up and ennoble his life, the future will keep as its gold of priceless worth.

Second. If we may be certain that the better faith coming will conserve all that is best in the Christianity of the past, we may be equally sure that it will grow, it will advance. And the progress which it makes it will not make under protest, but willingly, because it will believe in progress as God's law, and as something just as right and natural and necessary in religion as in anything else in the world. If religion is something of highest concern to man, why should not the greatest pains always have been taken to ensure its purity, and its perfecting? And yet no one can deny that, as a fact, nothing of this kind has been done. The idea has been almost universal that religion somehow came into the world full-sized, mature, complete, needing not to grow or develop. The idea that from the beginning, and from very low conditions, the race has been climbing up, climbing up, by slow degrees, and with many, many checks, and even temporary slidings backward, to the intellectual, social, political and religious elevation which we now see, is an idea which it has been very hard for men to learn. Forever, men have persisted in fixing the Golden Age, and especially the Golden Age of religion in the past. "God came nearer to men in the old times than now," they have said. "Our ancestors were they to whom inspirations came. We have fallen on degenerate and profane days, when there is no open vision. It would be impious to say that to our God comes as near, and speaks as impressively as to our fathers—or to our fathers' fathers, away back in the dim twilight of the world's morning." I say this is the way that men have always thought and talked.

But all this must change. The revolution of knowledge and thought that is sweeping over the world has already begun the change. In other words, the grand truth is dawning on men's consciousness that God was never nearer to His children than He is to-day; that the divine voice was never speaking more clearly to men than it is speaking to-day; that inspiration was never more of a reality than it is this hour; that never was God's revelation of Himself and of all highest and best truth going forward more rapidly and gloriously than it is going forward now. This truth, I say, will be one of the corner stones of the religion that is to be. Inspiration, a fountain forever flowing—not a stagnant pool; revelation, a book which God's finger forever writes—writes with forever enlarging and deepening truth, and not a volume finished; God, a living God, of living men, in a perpetually living present—and not a God of a far away past, merely!

The progressive Christianity which is to come in the place of the old Christianity of fixed creeds and of bondage to the past will be a Christianity which will see how profoundly true, in their application to religion, as well as to other things, are James Russell Lowell's lines:

"New times demand new measures and new men;
The world advances, and in time outgrows
The laws which in our fathers' time were best;
And, doubtless, after us, some purer scheme
Will be shaped out by wiser men than we,
Made wiser by the steady growth of truth."

It will see that St. Paul's position was the right one—"Not as if I had already attained; or were already perfect; but I follow after."

Third. Nothing can be more clear than that the new faith which is before us will be a great deal more reasonable than much of the Christianity of the past has been. One of the striking things about our time as regards religious matters is its growing demand for reason—for what commends itself to common sense. Many past ages have been radically different. Reason has been distrusted, inveighed against, placed under ban. Not only has the motto "I will believe although I cannot understand" been accepted implicitly in almost all the Christian ages, but even the outrageous, the insane motto, "I will believe because I cannot understand," has actually had large acceptance in the past. Indeed, the same idea is widely prevalent now all over Christendom. Step into the places of worship of almost any sect and there is no word that we hear so often on the lip of both preacher and layman as the word "believe." Go among scientific men and the word is "investigate." Go out into philosophy, into history, into politics, into any department of the world of thought, except religion, and the exhortation is "open your eyes; exercise your judgment; think; reason!" but the moment you come to religion it is "believe." This will not always be. The religion of the future will believe no less earnestly than the religion of the past has done; but it will believe with its eyes open and not with its eyes shut. It will believe because it finds reason for believing, and what it finds reason for believing. And more and more it will refuse to believe what does not commend itself to reverent reason and enlightened common sense.

Fourth. The better religion that is coming will be broad, catholic, tolerant, appreciative, to an extent that religion has not been in the past. It will bear in mind that, as men's faces are not all alike, so their mental characteristics, their ways of thinking and looking at things, are not all alike. In other words, the coming religion will remember that the world of truth is larger than any one mind or set of minds; that the best of us have got only a few fragments—very precious (Continued on page 14.)

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AMONG the wedding gifts at the marriage of Sir Percy Girouard to Miss Solomon, was a handsomely bound copy of Dr. Morgan's "Types of Canadian Women, Past and Present," presented by the bridegroom's father, Mr. Justice Girouard of the Supreme Court of Canada.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Symons have taken apartments at 185 Beverley street, where Mrs. Symons will receive on the first and third Wednesdays.

The ladies of the First Unitarian Church, Jarvis street, will hold a bazaar in the church vestry on the evening of Friday, November 26th, and the afternoon and evening of Friday, the 27th. Supper will be served each evening, and it is hoped that these requests will be largely patronized by members of the congregation and their friends.

A very successful concert was held on Friday evening last at the Central Methodist Church, Woodstock. Mr. F. W. Wegenast, formerly of Simcoe, who has done much to maintain the interest in choral singing since the visit of Sir Alexander Mackenzie last year, conducted a chorus of nearly seventy voices, composed of the best voices of the local choirs. In a highly creditable and finished manner such numbers as the "Hallelujah Chorus" were rendered, and in many respects the chorus was superior to that at the Festival of Music held here last year. Mr. Wegenast's efforts were highly appreciated by the chorists, who presented him with a fine silver mounted baton, which he was surprised to find upon his desk at the opening. In addition to local talent the programme was supplemented by selections from Cyril Dwight-Edwards, the English baritone, who was enthusiastically received, and Miss Edna Freck of St. Thomas, who is a popular singer in Woodstock.

A movement is on foot among Woodstock musicians to form a Musical Protective Association, the object being to protect themselves against the persistent demand upon the talent to give services gratis at local entertainments. The organization meeting will be held on Monday night.

Miss Edith Small of Montreal, whose arrival was announced in the papers last week, was not expected; nor did she arrive to visit Miss Harriet Leverich until this week. She is voted a very great acquisition and everyone is glad to meet her.

Mr. and Mrs. Sutherland Macklem gave a dinner of ten covers on Saturday.

A cosy little dinner was enjoyed by a quintette of ladies at McConkey's, in a new room—the green tapestry room—on Monday night, when Mrs. Austin, Miss Norah Adair, Miss Rhona Adair, and Miss Margaret Huston, with their hostess, had a delightful hour together. The table was done in huge white mums and deep green ribbons, and the bonbonnières were Irish caubens (little hats) with the cutest of pipes tucked under their green satin bands. Three little trunks, labelled and businesslike, were packed with bonbons and salted almonds for the travelers, who left on the evening train, much amused with their Irish dinner.

The show at Shea's is so good this week that no doubt you've all seen it by this time. The Fadette Ladies' Orchestra, with its splendidly handsome conductress and its clever and dainty young lady musicians, is the smartest thing of its kind we have ever seen here.

Mrs. Everard Cotes (Sara Jeannette Duncan) made a week's visit to Toronto as the guest of the Misses MacMurchy, 133 Bloor street east, and returned to Brantford on Tuesday afternoon. On Friday Mrs. Cotes took tea at Government House. Last Thursday, November 12th, her hostesses asked a number of friends to meet her at tea-time, and she was fairly besieged by those who were extremely glad to welcome her to Canada again and to see her looking much better and stronger than the last time she was here. Not that Mrs. Cotes is yet of robust type; her tall, slight figure in a pretty, dainty, pale grey gown, and her face full of intelligence and brightness, but pale and a trifle weary, under her crown of prematurely greying hair, are evidences that some time she has been a sufferer. I was wondering, as I watched her on Thursday, whether there was a Canadian edition of her books on the market, and ran mentally over the many good hours I'd spent with them, from those first merry chapters of the "Social Departure," through the funny quips of the "American Girl in London," pursuing her to India with "His Honor and Lady," and the Mem Sahib books, and wondering what had come of the one whose plot she told me one glorious day as we gallivanted to the Hunt Club on a jaunting car.

Mr. Hugh Guthrie was in town last week and was one of Mrs. Melvin-Jones' guests at dinner at the King Edward on the night of the Clifford Walker recital. That evening was the first on which I have met the genial Senator for some time, and he still had his rheumatic right arm in a sling, but made light of the agony which I hear he has endured.

Next Wednesday and Thursday evenings McConkey's will be en fête for the dances given by the Xi Psi Phi Society under distinguished patronage, and the ball given in aid of the Nurses' Home of the Western Hospital. The first event has been engineered regardless of cost and trouble and the fraternity whose shibboleth looks like a soda fiz are bound to eclipse older hosts by a tour de gaitie unequalled. The ladies of the Western Hospital Board are also ambitious, but not for their own glory. They, too, have the enjoyment of their friends at heart, but immediately after comes their purpose of aiding towards the comfort of those splendid and clever nurses who are so untiring in their work at the Western Hospital, the most progressive and interesting of all the like havens for ill and cast-down humanity in our city. Let me bespeak for the Charity Ball next Thursday a fine patronage.

What is sure to be a debut lacking nothing of chic and interest takes place in Hamilton on the twenty-fifth, next Wednesday evening, the royal Hotel. Miss Phyllis Hendrie, the fair and lovable youngest daughter of the master and mistress of Holmstead, will then take her place as one of the girl queens of society. Those who saw Miss Phyllis at the Melba concert, when loggnettes were levelled at her from every quarter, will realize into how rare and fair a maiden the dear little lassie of a few years ago has grown. I am looking forward with more than ordinary interest to a very pretty sight next Wednesday, and quite a number of Torontonians are in the same pleasant state of anticipation.

During the past week I have received some two score notices that hostesses all over the city will or will not receive on certain days. These notices would fill up these columns, which never are large enough, to an extent I feel would be excessive, and as most of them have already done that useful act in the daily papers, I trust their omission here will not inconvenience those most interested. "Exclusive" notices are another thing. Many of these notices proclaim maisons fermées until the New Year. Isn't it a trifle early to begin that in November? The only thing to do when "Christmas" comes so far in advance is to keep on calling, and shower one's pasteboards into the unfeeling salver. In many aristocratic homes the only restriction on the regiment of callers being admitted from one end of the year to the other is the absence of the hostess from town or from home to pay her own visits. There has arisen a fashion not to receive in Advent or in Lent, which former season being upon us may account for some of the forty who report themselves as inexorably "out," a proportion, however, quite balanced by those who cheerfully announce themselves as "in."

Mrs. Allen Aylesworth, who has gone to Napanee to visit some of her people, is remarked by all her friends as having benefited by her trip to England, and is looking most charmingly well. Some very becoming and pretty gowns, notably a dainty brown one, have been voted quite the smartest at the various teas and other jollifications recently.

On Thursday afternoon Mrs. S. F. McKinnon entertained

the young ladies who assisted her at her tea for the bride, Mrs. Weatherald, on Saturday, at a most charming luncheon. The arrangements and the beauty of the table at any such affair given by this good hostess are always perfection, and Thursday's little feast was no exception. Mrs. Weatherald, Mrs. R. S. Neville, who was so sweet an aid in the reception-room on Saturday, and one or two other privileged matrons lunched with the girls.

The visit of the Irish golf champion, Miss Rhona Adair, whose name is now a household word in Toronto among the devotees of the royal game, came to an end on Monday night and was regretfully concluded amid the hearty bon voyages and au revoirs of some of the friends she has made during her two weeks' stay in Toronto. The rain wept her departure and those who caught the last glimpse of her sweet little smile and bright eyes felt that she was well worthy of all the enthusiasm and affection she has evoked in Canada. Miss Norah Adair, who laughingly calls herself the younger girl's chaperone, has also slain her thousands, and to those who have had the pleasure of knowing her is as prime a favorite as her dear little sister. The girls had a busy day, that stormy Monday, lunching with Mrs. Nordheimer of Glenora, looking in at Mrs. Hammond's tea after an interval of getting their packing finished, and dining at McConkey's before visiting Shea's to hear that most charming musical coterie, the Fadettes of Boston, with whom the visitors were much pleased, then away to the ten o'clock train for Montreal with Mr. and Mrs. Austin, where resident golfers gave them a jollification on Tuesday, including a spread at the St. James' Club. The date of their return to Ireland via New York was not settled before they left Toronto, but their home people have come to the end of their patience and refuse to be deprived of them any longer. On Monday evening Miss Adair laughingly displayed a number of pins and badges on her pretty brown frock, and among them a brand-new Daughter of the Empire pin. To tell what Miss Norah and Miss Rhona say of this worthy burg would nullify all the good preaching of the parson who so warned us last week about being unduly self-satisfied and puffed up.

Despite the daily announcements of her return to town last week, Lady Kirkpatrick of Closeburn continued in Preston, enjoying the rest and baths. Hostesses who were entertaining Mr. and Mrs. W. Molson Macpherson, however, found it necessary to do a little telephoning to be sure of this fact, keeping the Closeburn domestics busy reporting the whereabouts of their mistress.

One of the most charming of the many pleasant affairs which were hurriedly arranged in honor of Mr. and Mrs. W. Molson Macpherson was a dinner on Saturday evening given by Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Cockburn to which a dozen guests were invited to meet the visitors from "ole Kebee." The shining mahogany was set with grace and care which always distinguishes the personal supervision of the hostess from the ways of the caterer, and was a glowing picture of beauty, the only decorations beside the family silver being tall silver vases brimming with splendid pink carnations and feathers of maidenhair fern. The candles were shaded with pale green silk, and those who gathered about the board were Mr. and Mrs. Molson Macpherson, Dr. and Mrs. O'Reilly, Colonel Grasset, Mr. and Mrs. Alan Cassels, with whom Mr. and Mrs. Macpherson were stopping; Captain and Mrs. Forsyth Grant, Mrs. Otter, Mrs. Thorburn, Miss Kirkpatrick, Captain Bickford, and Mr. Plumb. The hostess wore a dainty gown of black lace mounted on white chiffon and silk, with diamond ornaments. Mr. and Mrs. Macpherson returned this week to Quebec.

Mrs. Tom Delamere is the hostess of one of this afternoon's teas, which no invited guest will willingly miss. 'Tis always a pleasant hour one passes in her hospitable home in Simcoe street.

Mrs. S. F. McKinnon and Mrs. Frank Arnoldi were two hostesses whose respective "teas" on Saturday took up the time of a great many persons. Mrs. McKinnon's tea was in honor of a young bride, Mrs. Weatherald, and a very graceful and handsome bride she was as she stood beside her relative and received the welcome of her friends. Mrs. McKinnon wore a beautiful brocade outlined in silver paillettes, and the bride was in her wedding gown of lustrous white crepe de chine, the very fabric of all others suiting a tall and graceful creature, and simplicity itself. A pretty touch of her hair was pinned up in a bun, and a sheaf of bride roses on her arm, and made a charming picture as she received some hundreds of hand clasps and good wishes. There were two refreshment rooms arranged, one particularly lovely and bride-like, all in white and green, and a second in the library in white and gold, with a center of golden wedding mums, which decoration, let us hope, prophesies a long and happy life to Mr. and Mrs. Weatherald. There were jardinières and clusters of violets on this pretty table, and in the bride's room the flowers were white mums and lily of the valley. Miss Taylor of Florsheim, Miss Eola Lennox, happiest of fiancées; Miss Weatherald of Georgetown, niece of the hostess; Miss Brodie, the Misses Telfer and Miss L. Davies, were in charge of the tea-rooms. The Italians played on the landing. Among the guests were the Premier of Ontario and Miss Ross, Colonel and Mrs. Bruce, Mr. Justice and Mrs. Teetzel, Sheriff and Miss Widdifield, Miss Evelyn Collins of St. Catharines, Professor and Mrs. Baker, Mrs. Gooderham of Maplecroft and Miss Gooderham, Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Beatty and Miss Norton Beatty, who made her debut last week; Mr. and Mrs. Fred Gooch, Mrs. W. C. Fox, Major Michie, the Misses Michie, Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, Mr. and Mrs. C. Boeckh, Mrs. Williams and Mrs. Moore of Oak Lawn, Mrs. Morrison, Mrs. Ely, Mrs. Foy, Mr. and Mrs. Long of Woodlawn, Mr. and Mrs. A. Mills, Mrs. Charles Catto, Mr. and Mrs. John McKinnon, Mrs. W. D. Matthews, Mrs. Sheard, Mr. and Mrs. Lennox, Mrs. and Miss Frances McLeod, Mr. and Mrs. Carter, Mr. and Mrs. Maughan Ellis, Mrs. John Carruthers and Miss Nina Carruthers, Mrs. G. B. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. George Dickson, Mrs. Brodie, Mr. and Mrs. Trees and a great many others.

Miss Marjory Arnoldi's coming-out was celebrated by an At Home, at which she met many admiring glances and pretty speeches from her parents' and her own friends, for Miss Arnoldi is not one of the girls who have been away from us during her "not-out" days; au contraire, her graceful, slim and plucky little figure on a neat mount has been one of the attractions at the Meet, and her young friends have found in her always a charming girl hostess in her home. Miss Arnoldi, like her parents and her beautiful elder sister, Joan, is divinely tall, and also most divinely fair; she looked very well indeed in her debutante dress of soft white inserted with broad cream lace, and was as bright and spontaneous at the last lingering handshake as at the greeting of the first early bird. Mrs. Arnoldi was in black, glistening with paillettes, and wore a knot of violets. Miss Marjory carried roses and wore a huge bouquet of lily of the valley, exactly suiting her slim and girlish beauty. Miss Arnoldi, who was with Miss Naomi Temple, Miss Maisie Tyrrell, Miss Ida Homer Dixon, Miss Millicent Jones, Miss Susie Cassels and Miss Warren in charge of the tea-room, was as lovely as ever in a white gown, and has enjoyed to the utmost her summer in St. Paul, which certainly agreed with her. The table was done in white and pink mums and lighted with pink-shaded candles. Mr. Arnoldi and his two young sons were very kindly looking after and welcoming the guests. Some of the guests were: The Misses Mortimer Clark, Mrs. Becher, Colonel and Mrs. Denison of Heydon Villa, Colonel and Mrs. Clarence Denison, Miss May Denison, Mrs. E. F. B. Johnston, Mrs. and Miss Boulton, Mrs. Prince and Miss Ross, Mrs. Aylesworth, Mrs. Cattanauch, Colonel Stimson, Mr. Louis Gibson, Mrs. and Miss Cawthra of Guiseley House, Mr. Clifford Walker, the Misses Dupont, Mrs. and the Misses Hagarty, Mr. S. Band, Mrs. Melvin-Jones, Major and Mrs. Nelles, Mrs. J. J. Kingsmill, Mrs. Hillway, Mrs. and Miss Davidson, Major Mason, Captain and Mrs. Wyatt and Miss Beggs, Mrs. and Miss Wyatt, Mrs. and Miss Seymour, Mrs. and Miss Falconbridge, Mr. and Mrs. J. Herbert Mason, Mrs. Alley, Mrs. Temple, Mrs. Matthews, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Pepler, Mr. Monek, Mrs. Worthington, Mr. O. Bickford, Mr. E. Cronyn, Mrs. Carveth, Mrs. and Miss Foy, Mrs. Bruce Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Dixon, Mrs. Gamble, Miss Rutherford, Mrs. Pipon, Miss Langmuir, Mr. and Mrs. Boomer, Mrs. Holcroft and Miss Maule, Miss Macklem, Mrs. Winstanley, Mrs. Harding, sister of the hostess, assisted in the drawing-room in entertaining the guests.

Miss Chaplin of St. Catharines paid a little visit to Mrs. Alton Garratt and left for her home on Monday. I saw her looking very handsome and having a jolly time at the very excellent luncheon patronized by the world and his wife at the St. Andrew's Institute on Friday. On Sunday evening a cosy supper party gathered round Dr. Garratt's hospitable table, including Mr. and Mrs. Tripp, Mr. Frank Gray, Mr. Clifford Walker, and several others, and after supper there

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were such artistic songs and guitar and piano bits of melody as one can imagine in such a coterie of musical and music-loving folk.

Captain and Mrs. Kaye have gone to Wolseley Barracks, London, where very cosy quarters awaited their arrival, which quarters are much glorified by the beautiful bridal gifts of the many friends of the young couple.

Miss Margaret Huston arrived in town last week and is with her people in Wood street. On Monday evening she was in a box at Shea's enjoying heartily the fun and frolic on the stage, and looking particularly well in a pale blue gown and royal blue plumed hat. Yesterday Miss Huston had a number of her friends to take tea with her in her sister's studio down town, when Signor Ferrer, a handsome young Spanish violinist, who has recently come to Canada, played exquisitely. I cannot help remarking on one of Miss Huston's many fine traits, which is not universal among her conferees, and that is her hearty and generous recognition of talent in others. It is a natural outcome, however, of a nature noble and kind and utterly free from the taint of selfishness and personal vanity. I have heard several persons remark how willing and hearty she is in her appreciation of the good points in artists everywhere.

On Monday evening a very jolly dinner was given in the Nile room for the wedding party of Tuesday by Mr. Ivy, brother of the bride-elect. A huge table centered with golden mums was surrounded by a merry party of young folks who thoroughly enjoyed the feast.

A bit of vandalism which one hates to think of was committed in the breakfast room last week, when some unutterably mean individual slashed with a penknife the pretty new tapestry of the cosy corner and also the wall hangings. Every frequenter of this charming tea-room feels regret that a "casual" of that class should have gained admission.

The marriage of Miss Agnes Isabelle, only daughter of the late William Allan McLean, and Mr. Herbert Lionel Read, of St. George, son of the late J. B. Read of Toronto, was solemnized at high noon on Saturday, the 14th instant, at St. Thomas's Church, Walkerton, Rev. Rural Dean Robinson officiating. The ceremony was performed in the presence of only the immediate relatives of the bride, and a few intimate friends. The bride looked charming in a blue camel's hair tailor-made gown and was given away by her brother, Mr. A. Stanley McLean of Montreal. Miss Annie McKee of Woodstock was maid of honor, while the Misses Marjorie and Nora O'Connor of Walkerton, cousins of the bride, were bridesmaids. Mr. M. St. C. McLean of New Glasgow, N.S., another brother of the bride, was best man. Mr. George Fox, the Canadian violinist, presided at the organ. After the ceremony the guests returned to the residence of Mrs. H. P. O'Connor, and after the departure of Mr. and Mrs. Read left on the afternoon train for Boston and New York. Some of the out-of-town guests were Mr. and Mrs. Henry Le Jeune of Quebec, Mrs. W. E. Butler and Miss Keith Butler of Berlin, Mr. and Mrs. P. M. Gordon of Chesley.

His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Mortimer Clark have kindly consented that Miss Margaret Huston's concert at Massey Hall on Thursday evening, November 26th, should be under their patronage. The patronesses will include a large number of prominent society women who are interested in the fair artist and her music. Miss Huston will have on her programme a tenor of whom she speaks with much enthusiasm and with whom she will sing the big duet from "Romeo and Juliet." A famous 'cellist is also to play, so that the concert amply deserves the adjective "grand" with so fine a support to "our own Margaret."

This account of the marriage of a young Canadian lady in India will interest her friends here: "At Government House, Naini Tal, the crowning social event of the week, in fact of the season, was the marriage of Miss Rothwell, niece of Sir James and Lady Digges LaTouche, with Mr. E. J. Manson,

I.C.S., celebrated to-day. The ceremony was performed by the Venerable Archdeacon Cockin, assisted by the Rev. A. Langridge, at the Church of St. John in the Wilderness. The chancel was tastefully decorated with lilies and palms, and a fashionable congregation assembled to witness the ceremony. Punctually at three o'clock a fanfare, sounded by the 5th Dragoon Guards' trumpeters, announced the arrival of the bride, who was led up the aisle by her uncle, preceded by the choir, and was followed by the sweetest berry of children Naini Tal has ever seen, led by Miss Cockin as chief bridesmaid. Miss Rothwell, who is an universal favorite, looked perfectly charming. She wore a beautiful white satin gown trimmed with lace and chiffon. Her tulle veil was becomingly arranged with colored orange blossoms, and she wore a lovely pearl and diamond collar. Three tiny pages in white satin coats with lace ruffles and powdered wigs, accompanied by three little Kate Greenaway maids in long white satin frocks and bonnets, carried her train. These were followed by two older children as flower girls, who strewed the aisle with blossoms when the happy couple left the church after the register being signed. The bridegroom presented the bridesmaids and the pages with bangles and safety pins set with turquoise. On the arrival at Government House the guests were received by Lady LaTouche in the ball-room, which was tastefully decorated for the occasion. The bride and bridegroom received many congratulations. The presents, which were displayed in the conservatory, included some lovely silver. Sir James LaTouche, in a few words, proposed the bride and bridegroom's health, which was heartily responded to with three cheers, shortly after which Mr. and Mrs. Manson left for Bhowali, en route for the Punjab Glacier, amidst a shower of rice and the general good wishes of their friends. The bride's going-away dress was of white canvas, with a becoming white hat, trimmed with long ostrich plumes. Mrs. Manson looked exquisitely bright and pretty as she whisked down the drive in a "rockshaw," waving her hand to everybody." Miss Maude Rothwell is the second daughter of Major Burrows H. Rothwell, late of Brantford, now of Detroit, and niece of Mrs. P. E. Bucke, 13 Blackburn avenue, Ottawa, Ont.

Mrs. R. Percy Sherris of 243 College street will be at home the first and second Tuesdays of the month instead of every Tuesday, as announced two weeks ago.

Moles and Masks

A word about fashions. Who could have foreseen that the skin of the burrowing mole is to rank this winter above most of the costly furs? A mole's skin jacket or a panne velvet dress, with horizontal bars of this fur on sleeve, corsage and skirt is a garment for a Mrs. Astor or Mrs. Vanderbilt to order. Manufacturers are busy making velvets and other textiles to imitate moles' skin and other furs. While new, they will be greatly worn by Lancasters de modes, and those who follow their lead. They are limp, and have an original effect, and have already appeared at dinner and other parties at country houses. Brocades and thick silks still be life in warehouses waiting for their turn. Great attention is being paid to buttons as a means for giving artistic style to visiting toilettes. The multiplication of motor-cars is reviving the mask which came in during the sixteenth century and went out in the seventeenth. However, to prevent conjunctivitis, a disease that increases rapidly among those who go in for rapid motor driving, they will be provided with crepe-glasse, well inserted into the mask. The latter must be a perfect fit, neither too near nor too far from the eyes. What fine openings this will give to maskmakers and to oculists!

A Sorry Steed.

"Seen Kery's new horse?" asked one citizen of another. "I have," was the reply. "Well, what does it look like?" asked the questioner, impatiently. "Well, he looks," said the other man slowly, "as if Kery had taken him for an old debt."—*Christian Register.*



HIS HONOR the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Mortimer Clark entertained at dinner on Tuesday evening, when the following ladies and gentlemen had the honor of being invited: Colonel and Mrs. Buchanan, Senator and Mrs. Melvin Jones, the Principal of Upper Canada College and Mrs. Auden, Dr. and Mrs. John Hoskin, the Provost of Trinity College and Mrs. Macklem, Mr. Justice and Mrs. MacMahon, Mr. Justice and Mrs. Teetzel, Mr. Justice and Mrs. Garrow, the Principal of Knox College and Mrs. Caven, the Principal of University College and Mrs. Hulton, the Principal of Wycliffe College and Mrs. Sheraton, the Chancellor of Victoria College and Mrs. Burwash, the Rev. Dr. Teely, Principal of St. Michael's College; Lady Thompson, Colonel and Mrs. George T. Denison, Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Cockburn, Dr. and Mrs. Reeve, Dr. and Mrs. Algonquin Temple, Mr. and Mrs. Casimir Gzowski, Mr. and Mrs. Byron Walker, Mr. and Mrs. E. F. B. Johnson, Mr. Nicol Kingsmill and Mrs. Kingsmill, Mrs. Campbell Macdonald, Mrs. Alfred Denison, Mr. O. A. Howland, Mrs. Mortimer Clark were a rich white satin gown, with overdress of black Chantilly and bertha of the same lace. Miss Mortimer Clark wore pink. The table was done with any number of vari-colored 'mums and lighted with pink-shaded candles. There was the usual fortnightly reception at Government House on Thursday, and I hear there is to be another dinner given on next Thursday night.

The marriage of Mrs. F. Wahnetah Ulbrich, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Fleming of Church street, to Mr. J. M. Ernst of New York City was solemnized at All Saints' Church on November 10 at 2.30 o'clock. The ceremony was performed by the rector, Rev. Arthur Baldwin, M.A. The bride was given away by her father, and wore a travel-hat trimmed with white ostrich feather and steel ornament. Miss Florence Fleming was bridesmaid, in navy blue broad dress of navy blue broadcloth, plush cloth dress and a white hat with black feathers. The little flower-girl, Miss Madeline Ulbrich, wore a white China silk dress, and carried a basket of beautiful flowers, to which was attached the ring, which was, at the proper time, given to the best man. The groomsmen were Mr. W. A. Burr of University College. The ushers were Messrs. J. Bothwell of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons and E. Jessop of University College. The groom's gift to the bride was a pearl and diamond necklace, and to the groomsmen a pearl pin. The bride carried a shower bouquet of bridal roses, tied with ribbon, and the bridesmaid a bouquet of pink roses. The bride was the recipient of many beautiful presents. Among the guests present and invited were the immediate friends in the city, some from New York, Rochester, Three Rivers, Que., London, Alexandria Bay, Woodstock, Stratford, Guelph and Hickton. The reception was held at the home of the bride's parents, 567-1-2 Church street. The happy couple left on the 8.20 p.m. train for New York and the Eastern States.

The marriage took place on Wednesday afternoon, November 11, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Phillips of Henry street of their daughter, Miss Emma Dowson Phillips, and Mr. Henry James Cox, the Rev. J. S. Broughall officiating. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a smart tailor-made gown of blue canvas cloth, with decorations of blue lace over a white blouse of chiffon and silk, and a large picture hat of panne velvet. She carried a shower bouquet of white roses, lilies and maiden-hair fern. Miss Rose Phillips, sister of the bride, was maid of honor, and wore a gown of white voile over blue taffeta, with lace and a blue girdle. She carried pink roses, tied with sashes of blue, and wore a large black picture hat. The groomsmen were the groom's brother, Mr. Arthur Cox. After the ceremony a short reception was held, after which Mr. and Mrs. Cox left on the 4.55 train for the West. Upon their return they will take up their residence in Ontario street.

I hear that Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Hulm are on their way down from Dawson City, and that Mrs. Hulm will spend the winter with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alphonse Jones.

Mrs. Frank Baillie (nee White) will receive at her residence, 146 Crescent road, on every Monday during the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. John Dixon have purchased a beautiful lot in Rosedale and will build thereon immediately.

The Xi Psi Phi fraternity have sent out invitations for a dance to be held in McConkey's ballroom on November 25, at 8.30 o'clock. The committee have secured the entire suite of rooms so popular with the dancing contingent. The patronesses are Mrs. W. T. Stewart, Mrs. C. V. Snelgrove, Mrs. J. F. Ross, Mrs. W. E. Willmott, Mrs. A. D. A. Mason, Mrs. T. S. Corrigan. The fraternity men, the hosts of this pleasant dance, will wear the society's colors, heliotrope and white, as "ribbon of honor." Supper will be arranged in the cafe upstairs in the most perfect manner.

An engagement which interests many friends of the young people, both here and in Halifax, is that of Mr. Charles L. Worsley of the Bank of Montreal and Miss Jessie Kingsmill, fourth daughter of Mr. Nicol Kingsmill, which has been the occasion of many congratulations to the popular families.

The engagement is announced of Mr. Norman G. Heyd of Oggoode Hall, son of Mr. G. F. Heyd, barrister, of Brantford, and Miss Lenor May Springer, eldest daughter of Mr. Jeremiah Springer, of Sherbrooke, Que.

Mr. and Mrs. James Plummer and Miss Mollie Plummer have taken rooms at the Sydney (C.B.) Hotel for the present. They are now fellow-townpeople of Mr.



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and Mrs. Jack Ross, who have a charming home in Sydney, and I think I remember that the Sydney Hotel is quite a desirable place to sojourn in.

Mrs. S. F. McKinnon gave a charming luncheon of twelve covers on Thursday to the ladies who assisted at her tea last Saturday. The table was centered by a bouffant circle of green gauze and ribbon and white roses were used in the decoration. Mrs. Weatherald, the bride, took the foot of the table, and the guests greatly enjoyed the little feast.

Friends who met Miss Corrine Fitzpatrick of Ottawa while she was visiting Mrs. Plunkett Magann are interested in hearing of her recently announced engagement to Mr. Charles Arthur Cannon of Quebec.

Mrs. Everard Cotes took tea with Mrs. and the Misses Mortimer Clark on Friday afternoon of last week at Government House.

Mrs. Haydn Horsey will receive on Monday. Madame Masson receives on Tuesday, both being post-nuptial receptions.

Mrs. Stinson Jarvis, formerly Miss Annie Crofte of Rosedale, is spending some time in town, and is en pension at Mrs. Wickham's, Spadina avenue.

Mrs. Alfred Mills (nee McMillan), who has been since her marriage at the Queen's, received for the first time in her home, 116 Crescent road, the pretty 'maison garnie' recently rented by Mr. Mills from Captain Parkyn Murray. The young hostess has been a favorite in Toronto as Miss McMillan, sister of Mr. Harry McMillan, and old friends and new ones braved the dull day and called by scores upon her. She wore her dainty bridal finery, and was assisted in receiving by her sister, Mrs. Cowan of Oshawa, who wore a handsome pink brocade gown, with some lace trimmings. Mrs. Phillips, Miss Maud McMillan and Miss Gladys Burton of Oshawa assisted in the dining-room, where a shining mahogany was set with all the good things and centered by a huge bowl of white and pink chrysanthemums. The Oshawa ladies came up for the reception and spent the week with the Millses, receiving many pleasant attentions during their visit.

On Sunday afternoon Mrs. Warrington's pretty quarters in College street were filled with a music-loving coterie, who enjoyed an artistic treat and a cup of tea while the shadows lengthened into evening. Mrs. Parkyn Murray (nee Warrington) charmed the company with some sweet songs, and Miss Amy Robertson and Mrs. Alton Garratt also sang most acceptably. The little "matinee musicale" was thoroughly enjoyed by over a score of the friends of the charming hostess.

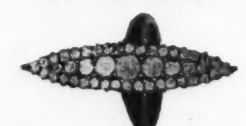
Mrs. Herbert C. Hammond's tea on Monday braved a day of unusually horrid weather, fog and rain doing their worst, but being quite inadequate to the task of wrecking a tea by so assuredly popular a hostess. People came, rain or no rain, and found themselves amply repaid by the radiant and festive appearance of things in the big mansion in Grosvenor street. Mrs. Hammond received in one of her prettiest gowns, a cream crepe, inserted with bisque lace. Two tables were beautifully decorated and bountifully laden with the dainties dear to the tea-givers, who were waited upon by Miss Cassels, Miss Heron and Miss Boulton, matronized by that prettiest of chaperones, Mrs. Mortimer Borge. The Misses Mortimer Clark, Mrs. Austin of Spadina and the Misses Adair, Mrs. G. R. Cockburn, Mrs. Shoenberger and Miss Tate, Mrs. and the

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Two large afternoon teas, a smart dance and any number of luncheons, dinners and cozy little five-o'clockers have been on at the smart downtown restaurant this week. Last evening Mrs. Cassels brought out her debutante daughter, and the entire resources of the handsome entertaining rooms were at the disposal of the guests. On Monday Mrs. Irish, sr., gave a large afternoon tea, and in the evening a jolly dinner was on in the Rose-room, while in the Nile-room Miss Ivey's wedding party dined together. On Tuesday afternoon Mrs. Lewis Lukes and her dainty little daughter, Mrs. Slaght, gave a very nice reception and tea. Mrs. Lukes wore an elegant mauve gown, with a huge bunch of violets, which accented the room most exquisitely. Mrs. Slaght wore her bridal robe of crepe de soie, with a precious bit of old lace forming a deep cape collar on her slim neck and shoulders. Mother and daughter welcomed the

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scores of ladies with the gentle cordiality for which they are especially noted. The tea-table was set in the Rose-room, and a party of girls, including the two young bridesmaids, Miss Collins and Miss Evelyn Walker, the younger a very busy, if diminutive, waitress, looked after the guests. The decorations were white 'mums and sashes of green satin ribbon, and an unusually varied and tempting lot of good things were provided. Miss McLaughlin, Miss Beatrice Pearson, Miss Isabel McWilliams and Miss May Muirhead assisted. The Italians played in the private hall opening into the Nile-room, and the affair was a very happy success. Mrs. Slaght will receive on Fridays at her home in Avenue road, but will not hold there a formal post-nuptial reception.

Mrs. Ryerson's tea on Friday disposed of the popular tradition that Saturday is the only afternoon on which the men will turn up at such a function, for there were men in plenty at 60 College street, who came early and stayed late. It is always sure to be a jolly tea at this large and hospitable home, and the arrangements leave nothing to be desired. On Friday Dr. and Mrs. Ryerson received, the hostess in a snow-white gown, trimmed with folds of satin, and a large collar of cream lace applied with beautiful embroidery. Mrs. Egerston Ryerson assisted in the drawing-room in a delicate tinted gray gown. The buffet in the dining-room was glowing with soft pink lights, and in the center stood a mound of fine pink 'mums in a tall cut-glass vase. A family party, including Mrs. Mulock, in a very pretty gown of Mexican embroidered lawn; Mrs. McDowell Thomson, Mrs. Arthur Kirkpatrick, the Misses Ryerson and Miss L. Crowther, assisted by Miss Eva Delanere and Mr. Alice Beane, waited upon such of the guests as even the gallantry of the men could not always instantly look out for. With such aids to enjoyment of the goodies there was no one neglected. Lady Mulock, Mr. W. Mulock, Mr. and Mrs. Cawthra Mulock, Mr. and Mrs. W. Crowther, Mr. and Mrs. James Crowther, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Delanere and Miss Keefer, Colonel and Mrs. Delanere and Miss Denison, Colonel and Mrs. Denison of Heydon Villa, Mrs. G. R. Cockburn, Mrs. Buchanan, Mrs. David Alexander, Captain and Mrs. George Capron Brooke, Mrs. Cattanaach, Mrs. James, Mr. and Mrs. Julius Miles, Mrs. and Miss Elmsley, Major Mason, Mrs. Robert Cassels and Miss Aimee Falconbridge, Colonel and Mrs. Clarence Denison, Mr. and Miss Denison of Sandhurst, Dr. and Mrs. Aikins, Dr. and Mrs. Garratt, Dr. Thistle, Mr. Aylesworth, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Macdonald, Captain and Mrs. Burnham, Mr. and Mrs. Glackmeyer, Miss Mills of Guelph, Mrs. Eaton, Mrs. Carverth, and so many others that I find I have not space to mention them, were present.

Dr. Herbert C. Featherston, 112 Bedford road, returned home yesterday from Edinburgh, where he has been taking a post-graduate course, receiving the degree of L.R.C.P. and S.

The afternoon tea and musicale which was given on Saturday last at the residence of Mrs. John Crane, Water street, Peterborough, in aid of the Deep Sea Mission, was a grand success, and a handsome sum was realized for this noble work. The drawing-room was beautifully arranged for the occasion, and amongst those who contributed to the programme were Mrs. Erdley-Wilmet, Mrs. A. L. Davis, Miss Stephens, Miss Helen Davis, Mrs. J. Lawrence and Mr. Fred Lount.

This week may well be called "debutante week," as several buds have been plucked from retirement and added to the bouquet during the last few days. On Wednesday two particularly sweet and attractive maids were presented by their proud mammae at afternoon receptions, Miss Muriel Baldwin being greeted by scores of admiring guests at her mother's tea on that day, and Miss Gwendolyn Darling, the second juvenile fillet to make her debut in the charming home in Dale avenue, being congratulated by many of the same circle as Miss Baldwin on the same afternoon. Mrs. Baldwin divided her guests in a new and clever way, the older ones being asked early and the young folks after 6 o'clock, which arrangement, though rather hard on the hostess and the others concerned in entertaining, made greatly for the joyousness of the happy function. Taking the two debuts in the order in which many of us attended them, owing to the earlier hour of Mrs. Baldwin's tea, Miss Muriel's was markedly interesting, partly on account of the immense family connection (one of the pioneer names of our fair city),

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who turned out in great form to mark the coming out of so fair a representative, and again for the distinct charm of the sweet maiden, who is all that the most exacting parents could wish in manner and appearance, and will be an undoubted belle. Mrs. Baldwin wore a primrose tinted crepe de soie, with Irish lace and black velvet trimmings, and the debutante was in the regulation white, a sweet little dress, and held a sheaf of roses and 'mums. Mr. A. L. Baldwin and Mr. Russell Baldwin, uncle of the fair debutante, nothing daunted by the scores of women folk, were able assistants to the bevy of pretty girls in the two tea-rooms, who numbered among them Miss Ethel Baldwin, Miss Marjorie Cochrane, Miss Dorothy Cross, Miss Adele Austin, and the Misses Baldwin. Several other debutantes and their mothers were at this and the Darling festivities, and I heard the prettiest things said by them of the two fair girls who were the cynosure of all eyes on Wednesday. Most of the married people went away before 6 o'clock, when a very joyous invasion of

young folks filled up the rooms again. The decorations of the tables were white and green and white relieved with red-shaded candles, and the flowers chrysanthemums, and rarely have I seen as enjoyable and mirthful a tea. The touch of frost in the air seemed to have smothered up the spirits of everyone after the wretched, dull days of the beginning of the week, and at both the big teas of Wednesday there was a go and sparkle spontaneous and exhilarating.

The young folks are anxiously enquiring if a dance at Government House will glorify the ante-Noel season. I believe that they may safely assure themselves that such will be their happy Christmas-box from his Honor and Mrs. Mortimer Clark, some time in December, after holiday time begins. The date, however, I am not sure is fixed.

The Canadian Club have elected Mr. Percy Parker, one of the most popular and estimable young Canadians, as their president for the coming year.

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Social and Personal.

The marriage of Miss Marion Grace Barker, only daughter of Mr. R. W. Barker of Cecil street, and Mr. Alan Macdougall Jones of Belleville, Ill., took place in St. George's Church on Wednesday, Nov. 11, at 2.30 p.m. The bride was brought in and given away by her father, and looked her very best in her beautiful satin robe des noces, done with lace and pearls, and the light of happiness in her sparkling eyes. The veil and orange blossoms were those worn by her mother on her wedding day, and the bouquet was a shower of roses and lily of the valley. After a sulky morning the sky partially cleared, and the bridal party escaped the rain which poured down in the late evening. The officiating clergy were Canon St. George Cayley, Rev. Mar-
duke Hare and Rev. Baynes Reed. Mr. William Courtland Hart of Baltimore was best man, and the bridesmaids were Miss Bessie Gordon of Montreal and Miss Norah Simpson, cousins of the bride, in pale blue dresses, with black picture hats, and carrying large bouquets of pink carnations. Little Miss Norah Macnee of Kingston, who was the flower-girl, in a white frock over pink, with pink sash and hat, and bouquet of white car-

and wore black beaver hats with ostrich plumes. Mrs. Hunter, mother of the bride, wore a costume of green lady's cloth, trimmed with touches of pink. The brides were given away by their father. The groomsmen were Mr. Percy Rawlinson and Mr. Oscar P. Johnston, brother and cousin respectively, while the duties of ushers were looked after by Messrs. Walter Rawlinson, William Smith, Har-
man Price and Bert Price. The wedding music from "Lohengrin" and Mendels-
sohn's "Wedding March" were rendered by Mr. Percy Milne, organist of the Church of the Redeemer, and during the ceremony "O, Perfect Love," by Dr. Al-
bert Ham, was expressively sung by Miss Amy F. Hunter, eldest sister of the bride. The respective gifts of the grooms to brides and bridesmaids were a gold watch and opal ring from Mr. Rawlinson, and diamond and pearl sun-
bursts from Mr. Milne, and a large num-
ber of valuable gifts were also received by the brides from relatives and friends in various parts of Canada and the States. At the conclusion of the ceremony re-
ception was held at the residence of the bride's parents, 38 Olive avenue, which was decorated with chrysanthemums, palms and smilax, after which the nou-



Miss Marion Grace Barker.



Mr. Alan Macdougall Jones.

nations, was the prettiest little creature imaginable. The ushers who led the bride's procession were the two brothers of the groom, Mr. Roy and Mr. Will Jones, and the two brothers of the bride, Mr. Edward and Mr. Will Barker, the latter fortunately being able to be here for the marriage, the first in the loving circle and the cause of the severance of devoted brothers from an only sister. Mr. Delmar Cavendish and Mr. W. Wadsworth were also ushers. The church, which is one of the most satisfac-
tory in Toronto for the grouping of a wedding party, was aglow with light and decorated with white mums and palms. During the ceremony Mr. Phil-
lips played very softly, also playing sev-
eral fine morceaux in that busy "quar-
ter" while the ushers were seating the guests. After the service the bridal party signed the register in the vestry, and Miss Maud Cowan sang in exquisite voice "O, Perfect Love," and then the be-
aming smiles of their friends on their way down the aisle. A reception at Mr. Bar-
ker's residence, which was a bower of flowers, was easily the merriest affair ever within its walls, though all felt that the light of the happy home would be sadly dimmed when the sweet bride

veaux marries led to spend the honey-
moon at the Falls and in New York.

The marriage of Mr. George Arthur Williams and Miss Harriet Woon was solemnized in St. George's Church, Osha-
wa, on Wednesday, November 4, at 5 o'clock. The bride was attended by Miss Edith Webster of Hamilton and two little flower-girls, Miss Irma Wil-
liams and Madeline Williams. The groomsmen were Mr. Harold Williams, brother of the groom, and the ushers Mr. H. McMurtry, Mr. Arthur Allin, Mr. W. Ellwood Moore and Mr. Bert Woon, brother of the bride. The bride was daintily gowned in white silk voile, draped with lace, a regulation veil and orange blossoms, shower bouquet of white bridal roses. The bridesmaid wore a pink crepe gown, with white tulle Vic-
toria bonnet, and carried a bouquet of white roses, and Victoria bonnets with rose-
buds, carrying baskets of flowers. As the surplined choir preceded the bridal party up the aisle of the church and took their places, they formed a back-
ground to show out the lovely decora-
tions of the chancel, all done in white



Miss Hattie Woon.



Mr. George Arthur Williams.

left it. The guests crowded about the dining-table to see the bride out the cake, which she did with her brother's (the hero of Paardeberg's) good sword. Captain Barker brought in his mother at the church, that gentle and sweet-faced matron looking very well in a violet gown and bonnet. Mrs. Jones, the groom's mother, wore black poplin de chine, a black and white toque, and carried violets. The guests, most of them pretty young matrons and girls, overflowed into the balcony over the porch like a very garden of delicate flow-
ers, to see the pair depart on their hon-
ored, showered with confetti and fol-
lowed by laughing good wishes. Mrs. Jones went away in a deep blue and white costume, with blue hat trimmed with a white bird and mink stole and muff, and if ever a bride could be justly described as radiant, she was that bride, her merry laugh and bright smiles being an echo of the clamor of her dear friends. Mr. and Mrs. Jones have been a very devoted pair of lovers, whose marriage has been dutifully delayed until Mrs. Barker should be recovered from a siege of illness both tedious and trying. Some very elegant and rich gifts have been sent to the bride, a silver tea service on a suitably engraved silver from the St. George's Society, of which her father is secretary, being one especially prized by her. Belleville, Ill., will be the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jones.

A double wedding took place on Wed-
nesday, 11th inst., in St. Alban's Cathed-
ral, when Miss Beatrice Hunter, second daughter of Mr. W. L. Hunter, was mar-
ried to Mr. Henry G. Rawlinson, and Miss Maud Hunter, fourth daughter of Mr. Hunter, became the bride of Mr. Arthur E. Mills, son of Mr. John Mills. The officiating clergy were the Rev. Canon Macmah and the Rev. C. A. Seager, rector of St. Cyprian's. The brides were very attractive in gowns of cream bril-
liant, trimmed with corded silk and duchess lace collars, with beaver hats and ostrich plumes to match. The brides-
maids, Miss Gertrude Rawlinson, sister of one of the grooms, and Miss Louise Hunter, sister of the brides, were in mauve voile, with transparent yokes,

chrysanthemums, smilax and ferns, draped with white ribbons. During the signing of the register Mrs. Wilson Lawrence sang "O, Perfect Love." A recep-
tion was held at Mr. Woon's residence, where Mrs. Whiting, aunt of the bride, did honors with Mr. Woon, as host and hostess. After viewing the elegant and costly gifts, both to bride and bride-
groom, a sumptuous dejeuner was served in the dining-room. The usual toasts being given and responded to, Mr. and Mrs. Williams left for an extended tour to New York, Washington and Philadel-
phia, and on their return they will reside in Oshawa, in their beautiful new home, a wedding gift from the groom's father. The guests from out of town included Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Williams, Mrs. W. Moore, Mr. W. E. Moore, Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Williams, Jr., Mrs. R. S. Moore and daughters, Mrs. J. Rennie, Mrs. Mills, Mr. Stanton, Miss McMillan, Mr. Davies, Miss Held of Buffalo, Mr. and Mrs. White, Trenton; Miss Burnham, Port Hope.

The regular meeting of the Pickwick Club was held on Nov. 10, at the Con-
servatory of Music. The programme for the evening consisted in a debate on the resolution that "a protective policy is in the best interests of the United King-
dom." After a hearty discussion, which was fully enjoyed by a large attendance of members, the decision of the judges was given in favor of the negative. The club intends to hold a series of first-
class lectures on literary subjects this winter, the first of which will be given during the month of December.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Johnston have purchased the house occupied by Mrs. Vivian, 191 Park road, which they are having improved for their occupancy. It is in a lovely situation and surrounded by nice grounds.

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tion cards, which frequent entertainers would do well to see and consider. Only an expert in the engraving line could discover any difference in these cards from the more expensive varieties.

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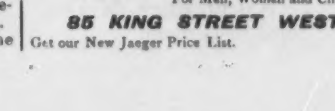
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Hysteria of The Playhouse.

HYSTERIA of the playhouse is quite a modern malady. It may be said to date from the production of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." Before that time young girls were taken to the theater once a month by their indulgent brothers; nowadays they go three times a week by themselves. The old-fashioned play-going girl, moreover, was a healthy person, who regarded the theater as a place of entertainment.

The modern girl seems to be amused at the theater. She wants to probe as deeply as possible into the mysteries of life; she wants to be depressed rather than charmed to tears; she wants, in short, to experience the hysterical distress of the mental dyspeptic.

If you don't believe me, if you think I am overstating the case, just run your eye along any row of the stalls when next you take it into your head to witness the performance of a problem play. You will find the greater part of that row given up to palled young women between the ages of twenty and thirty. Their hair, you will observe, is lank; their expressions strained and eager; their dress severe; their fingers inclined to twitch; their lips compressed.

The picture, I grant you, is a pitiful one, but it is still more pitiful when you contrast it with the appearance presented by the mothers of these girls when they, in their turn, went to the play. That, you must remember, was forty or fifty years ago, when laughter was considered rather jolly, and tears the essence of sentimental delight.

Rosy-cheeked playgoers those, with dangerously bright eyes and ensnaringly gay frocks. Little they troubled their heads about ugly sins and nauseating problems. So long as the curtain was up they lived in a world of gallant deeds, courtly speeches, sly glances, merry coquettings, harmless intrigues, cruel injustices, righted wrongs. Not for them the feverish fingers that stray despairingly over the haggard face. The stage heroine beloved of our mothers was a roguish, dimpled creature, who laughed at love until she cried, and exalted the utmost homage from the man of her heart.

Our mothers, you see, had sufficient sense of humor to distinguish between theatrical pictures of life and the real thing. When they left the theater they wrapped up their sentimentalities and put them aside until they should be again required.

As a rule, no doubt, they fell violently in love with the hero of the piece, but the sighing, rhapsodizing fellow quite passed out of their thoughts before they appeared at breakfast the following morning. The play-going girl of to-day, however, is never really happy unless she can imagine herself in love with an actor. If he happens to be a tragic, presumptive, so much the more ardent is her adoration. A large portrait of him hangs over her bed; another large portrait stands on the mantelpiece of her bedroom; a miniature of him jogs about in her pocket; his autograph adorns the first page of her album.

Sometimes, when she is very hysterical indeed, the poor girl addresses a letter to her favorite actor. This little epistle, which is generally written on scented paper and edited by an admiring girl-mirator, and wonders whether he would care for a photograph of the writer. The letter posted, Miss Hysteria hurries off to gaze at her hero from her stall, and marvels that he should bear himself with all his usual dignity and self-composure. Surely, with the knowledge that he is loved by some fair unknown one, he should sigh a little, stammer a little, or commit one of the many little indiscretions that would go towards undermining his reputation as a man of sense. But no! There he talks, and laughs, and makes love to the leading lady for all the world as though he were quite accustomed to receiving such flattering communications.

Mind you, there is a certain amount of excuse for the play-going girl who loses her heart to an actor. In the first place, she sees her idol to extraordinary advantage. His cheeks are beautifully pink; his eyes wonderfully bright; his teeth bewilderingly white; his hair carefully selected. Then his clothes become him so well. His coat, thanks to the art of his tailor, fits him to perfection; his trousers have that entrancing crease down the front that one so seldom sees

in real life; his shirt-front shines to an extent that positively dazzles.

Her mother and sisters, who are probably too sensible to waste the whole of their spare time and money in playhouses, have to bear the brunt of this infatuation. They find themselves snubbed for their humble outlook on life; they are told, with a curl of the lip that comes painfully near to being the real thing, that their conceptions of love and marriage and so forth are quite out of date; they gather that their conversation is insipid, and that their noses would be all the better for a little powder.

Before I bring this necessarily painful article to a conclusion, let me assure the reader that these remarks do not by any means apply to the average girl who takes her recreation in the playhouse. Miss Hysteria, fortunately for both actors and dramatists, is the exception rather than the rule. A genuine love for the drama is just as healthy and just as much to be cultivated as a refined taste in literature or music or pictures. The play-going girl, indeed, so long as she selects with discretion the plays to be visited, and regards the various themes therein set forth from a level-headed point of view, is educating herself in every sound school. But when she begins to develop a tendency for straggling hair, and when she feels the least bit inclined to take a gloomy view of life, and when she sits down to pen a gushing little note to an actor, then let her beware! For, deny it as she may, these are the first signs of that distressing malady known as play-going hysteria.

As for a remedy—for I never like to do things by halves—I would suggest hard work, fresh air, and marriage.

Cheeky.



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He—The rascal has a sweet tooth, madam.—"Illustrated Bits."

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They Use Dodd's Kidney Pills for the Troubles Brought on by Their Work.

They Profit by the Experience and Advice of Mr. Lew Duke, of the Duke House, St. Thomas—Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured Him.

St. Thomas, Ont., Nov. 18.—(Special.)—Mr. L. Duke, the well-known proprietor of the Duke House here, and one of the most popular men in this railroad center, is completely cured of Backache and Kidney Disease of five years' standing, and he has no hesitation in stating that the cure was effected by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"Yes," Mr. Duke says, speaking of his cure, "I am perfectly satisfied that the two or three boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me, as I have not been troubled by my kidneys since I took them. I had been troubled with my kidneys and pains in my back for over five years and nothing I used gave me any relief till I took the advice of a friend and tried Dodd's Kidney Pills. I advise all my friends to try them."

Many of the railroad men have taken Mr. Duke's advice and are using Dodd's Kidney Pills. This work is particularly hard on the kidneys, and they find Dodd's Kidney Pills bring them sure relief.

Needed a Change.

When the tired man entered the office, says the Philadelphia "Ledger," he told the doctor he had needed treatment; he was the physician put on his eye-glasses, looked at the man's tongue, felt his pulse, sounded his chest, and listened to the beating of his heart. "Same old story," exclaimed the doctor, who was of the new school of fresh air. "Man can't live lived up in an office or house. No use trying. Now I could make myself a corpse, as you are doing by degrees, if I sat down here and did not stir."

"I—" began the patient. "You must have fresh air," broke in the doctor. "You must take long walks, and brace up by staying out-of-doors. Now I could make a drug store out of you and you would think I was a smart man, but my advice to you is to walk, walk, walk."

"But, doctor—" interrupted the man. "Now, my dear man, don't argue the question. Just take my advice. Take long walks every day—several times a day—and get your blood into circulation."



Miss Alice M. Smith, of So. Minneapolis, Minn., tells how woman's monthly suffering is permanently relieved by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"I have never before given my endorsement for any medicine, but Lydia E. Pinkham's vegetable Compound has added so much to my life and happiness that I feel like making an exception in this case. For two years every month I would have two days of severe pain and could find no relief, but one day while visiting a friend I ran across Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and she had used it with the best results and advised me to try it. I found that it worked wonders with me; I now experience no pain, and only had to use a few bottles to bring about this wonderful change."—Miss Alice M. Smith, 804 Third Ave., South Minneapolis, Minn.—\$5.00 for bottle if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

Many women suffer silently and see their best gifts fade away. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound makes the entire female organism healthy.

FREE ADVICE TO WOMEN

Mrs. Pinkham will give every ailing woman expert advice entirely free. She has helped thousands. Address Lynn, Mass.

Easily Answered.

"What would the nation be without women?" frantically asks a magazine writer. That's easy. Stag nation.—Washington "Post."

The Ideal Beverage

should quench the thirst, cheer and stimulate and nourish or strengthen.

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is well known as a pure and wholesome beverage, both refreshing and salubrious. You are invited to try it, and if found satisfactory to you to ask your merchant for it.

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Dr. Campbell's Safe Arsenic Complexion Wafers and Foul's Medicated Arsenic Soap.

These World-Famous remedies never fail to cure pimples, Blackheads, Freckles, Liver Spots, Muddy, Sallow Skin, Redness of face or nose, and all other blemishes, whether on the Face, Neck, Arms or Body. They brighten and beautify the complexion as no other remedies on earth can, and they do it quickly. Wafers, by mail, \$1; Soap, 50c. Address all orders to H. B. FOULD, Room 3, 214 6th Avenue, NEW YORK or 20 Glen Road, Toronto, Can. Dept. N.



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It entirely Removes and Prevents all ROUGHNESS, REDNESS, CHAPS, IRRITATION, TAN, etc. It is unequalled as an EMOLLIENT.

It's Easy Enough

to describe an ordinary shoe, but no words can quite do justice to our evening shoes for ladies. They have to be seen to be appreciated.



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"But my business—" said the patient.

"Of course, your business prevents it; everybody says that. Just change your business so you will have to walk more. By the way, what is your business?"

"I'm a letter-carrier," meekly replied the patient.

Ballet Skirts.

Ballet-dancers, brought up in two centuries of tradition, fight against "skirt-dancing," and favor the lamp-shade costume. Our best and most graceful dancer, Mlle. Genes, is in favor of tradition. During my second directorship of the Alhambra I had immense difficulty with Mlle. Legnani, my principal dancer, to persuade her to do a "skirt-dance" in a ballet. I succeeded, and she succeeded, much to her astonishment.—John Hollingshead in "Pall Mall Gazette."

Lost Hairpins.

It used to be said by a great mustard

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will last longer and look better if cleaned by us. We handle lace and chenille curtains without injury to them.

R. PARKER & CO.

Dyers and Cleaners, Toronto

301 and 791 Yonge St., 59 King St. West, 471 and 1267 Queen St. West, 277 Queen St. East.

Phones: Park 98.

manufacturer that the profit came, not from the mustard people ate, but from what they wasted. The same principle seems to apply to the hairpin trade.

Mr. R. P. Muford of Bromley, Kent, sends to the "Strand Magazine" a photograph of what looks like a Fifth of November bonfire stack, but is really a pile of hairpins picked up by six people on a walk of about five miles, half of which was over fields and commons. They were picked up after much windy weather. They numbered 327 and weighed nine ounces.

When washing greasy dishes or pots and pans, Lever's Dry Soap (a powder) will remove the grease with the greatest ease.



TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD, Editor.

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Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

TELEPHONE { Business Office..... } Main 1709
 { Editorial Rooms..... }

Subscriptions for Canada, United States and Great Britain addresses will be received on the following terms:

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Advertising rates made known on application at the business office

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED, PROPRIETORS

Vol. 17 TORONTO, CANADA, NOV. 21, 1903. No.



THEATER-GOERS in Toronto will be glad to know that Miss Margaret Anglin, a Canadian actress who holds an enviable position in her profession, is to appear in the city early in December. She will play in "Cynthia," a charming comedy by Mr. R. H. Davis, which won a triumph in New York city last season. Other plays by Mr. Davis that have been most successful are "Mrs. Goring's Necklace" and "Cousin Kate," the latter of which is now running in New York with Ethel Barrymore. Mr. Henry Miller will appear in the same bill with Miss Anglin in Clyde Fitch's one-act play "Frederic Lemaître."

The "Prince of Pilsen," a musical comedy in two acts, presented by Henry W. Savage, drew crowds to the Princess Theater during this week. The words, by Frank Pixley, abound in amusing turns and happy retorts, but the music, by Gustav Luders, is the making of the comedy, there being more than a score of tuneful and effective songs. The scene was the garden and court of the Hotel Internationale, Nice, France, and the play was given every charm of picture-que environment. The blue Mediterranean, the color and fragrance of southern Europe, mingled with laughter and melody to give gaiety to the lines. The costumes were the best that the modern stage has to offer in artistic accuracy and original color combination. Nice for the Prince of Pilsen, and was traced at every turn. When the prince, who was a Heidelberg student, arrived on the scene, the complications became numerous and absurd. These complications were most swiftly disentangled in the last five minutes and everyone understood and was happy. The part of Hans Wagner was played in the most delightful fashion by John W. Hanson, whose face was eloquent in every line and wrinkle. The fat old brewer won sympathy from everyone by his honest simplicity, and the confidential eagerness with which he inquired, "Was you efer in Zinzinnati?" provoked applause every time. He was irresistibly droll in his Teutonic English. His best hit was the description of an alderman as a "false alarm statesman." He sang "It Was the Dutch" in fetching style and was recalled repeatedly. Hans is a distinct contribution to international gaiety and will not soon be forgotten. Hobart Smook made a stalwart and spirited Prince of Pilsen, while Victor Morley as an English aristocrat was a Lord Somerset of true type. Polly Guzman played the coquettish widow's part most gracefully as Mrs. Madison Crocker from New York, while Belle Bucklin was a sweet, innocent daughter of the Cincinnati brewer and of course carried off the prince. The chorus girls were daintily pretty, the gowns were bewitching in their fluffy brightness and added materially to the success of a most catchy comedy. The duet, "Message of the Violet," is a tuneful bit of melody, but the "Stein Song" is the most effective chorus in the first act. No doubt it owes something to the suggestive gestures and dashing uniforms that accompany it. The "Song of the Cities" by Mrs. Crocker and Picture Girls made a palpable hit, especially when a slender, flower-faced girl in gown of red brown took the part of Toronto. Altogether, the "Prince of Pilsen" is one of the best of its kind, and will give the most weary an evening of solid, or rather frothy, enjoyment.

The Fadettes of Boston, that remarkably well drilled combination of lady musicians, present a feature of more than exceptional attraction at Shea's resort this week. Miss Caroline B. Nichols, the director, has wonderful control of this fair aggregation, and the product is beautifully harmonious, rich and well balanced. "Dream Spirits," as rendered on the strings, harp, flute, clarinet and bells by the Fadettes, is simply delightful. Mr. Shea has been fortunate in obtaining for the balance of the bill a programme far above the ordinary. Pete Baker, a comedian of the highest grade, is certainly the best in his line that we have ever had here. His work, besides being distinctly refined, is almost inimitable in its cleverness. His dialect song of different nationalities is being tremendously received. Miss Bonnie Thornton was suffering on Monday night with a severe bronchial cold, but very bravely pulled through her turn, which, when unhampered by ill-health, must be of considerable merit. Hayes and Healy have vastly improved their act since their last visit here, many new and enjoyable features having been added. Their work is uproariously funny, and the silvery-voiced yodeller are on the bill again and contribute fifteen minutes of real fun. "The Terrible Judge" and the silvery-voiced yodeller are on the bill again and contribute fifteen minutes of real fun. The judge, although quite impossible, is really irresistible as a mirth provoker. Frank O'Brien's tramp turn is the best we have had here for many weeks. He is a splendid worker, besides being an accomplished dancer. The Werner-Amoros troupe present a laughable pantomime and wind up by tearing things loose.

The Unity Dramatic Club's first performance of the season will take place on Thursday evening next, the 28th, in the fine hall adjoining St. Luke's Church in St. Vincent street. The play is a light Irish comedy entitled "Kathleen Mavourneen," and everything promises to go off very successfully. Special scenery and costumes will be used, and the music of the piece is charmingly Irish. The proceeds will be given towards the building fund of St. Luke's Church. Tickets are now on sale at Tyrrell's, Nordheimer's, Bain's and Claxton's.

The old adage, "there is nothing new under the sun," does not apply to Hyde's comedians, which appear at Shea's Theater next week. Mr. Hyde this season is showing, not only something new, but one of the best vaudeville shows ever placed before the public. In selecting his people he has used the fine judgment and good taste he has always shown, both in the number and quality of the artists engaged, combining an array of talent not often seen on one bill, headed by the Four Mortons, Sam, Kittie, Clara and Paul, one of the best comedy and singing acts on the stage. Miss Clara is the young lady who has made the song of "Hiawatha" popular. The latest European importation, the Four Holloways; the Four Piccolo Midgets, the sensation of two continents; the mystifying Kleist; Carr and Burns, up-to-date travesty artists; Hill and Whittaker, in their refined musical act; Bennett



Beatrice Morgan as Mrs. (General) Blake in "Captain Charlie."

and Young, song illustrators, and Cole and Warner, brewers of German comedy, are also on the bill.

Clyde Fitch's latest comedy, "The Girl and the Judge," which will be presented at the Grand Opera House next week, is legitimate, clean-cut, original and witty, and ranks 'way up at the top of the long list of plays by that clever and prolific playwright. The plot is new and unconventional; the crisp and bright lines of the dialogue sparkle radiantly; the characters are everyday people who act and talk in an everyday sort of way—not commonplace, but just natural, and so un-



Miss Eleanor Montell in "The Girl and the Judge" at the Grand next week.

usually natural that it is positively refreshing. There is, however, an undercurrent of a somewhat sensational nature running throughout the play, which tends to keep an audience under tension, one scene particularly being almost weird in its effect, but this scene, notwithstanding its tendency to weirdness, is made infinitely pathetic through its ingenious construction. A very capable company of players has been organized by Manager Henri Gressitt to support the sterling actress, Eleanor Montell, in his production of this famous Fitch play for the present season, and he anticipates meeting with the same degree of success on the road that was achieved in New York city at the Lyceum Theater by the company

which presented it at that house for the phenomenal run of an entire season, the production being scenically and otherwise identical. The principal members of the supporting company are Harry Keenan, Theodore Apfel, Edward Spanton, Arthur Schwartz, Ethel Blande, Louise Dempsey, Beatrice Thorne, and Cora Wells. The engagement is for one week with the usual matinees.

It is really astonishing how little can make a show. One good song well sung, as was the sextette in the original "Florodora," one dance, as was the champagne dance in "The Silver Slipper," and so dozens of cases might be cited. Upon this basis it is little wonder that Willard Spenser's "Miss Bob White," which Nixon and Zimmerman present in this city in a few weeks, should have scored so heavily, for it has no less than ten catchy numbers and a cast of principals superior to any musical organization visiting our town during the past year.

Messrs. S. S. and Lee Shubert will present next week at the Princess Mr. Aubrey Boucicault in William A. Brady's production, "Captain Charlie." In the selection of a play for this brilliant young actor, Messrs. Shubert and Brady made a wise choice when they decided upon Theodore Burt Sayre's new romantic comedy. From all sections where it has been better than the title role of "Captain Charlie." Aside from Mr. Boucicault's acknowledged abilities as a leading romantic actor, no man is better equipped to appear in classic Irish characters. His father, the late Dion Boucicault, gave the stage the finest creations of Irish characters ever seen on the boards, and that his son has profited by the teachings of his illustrious sire is shown by his excellent work. The character of Captain Charlie was suggested to the author by Charles Lever's famous military romance, "Charles O'Malley," but is in no way a dramatization of that classic work. Mr. Sayre acknowledges that he has taken, bodily, several characters from Lever's work, and also two incidents around which he built his clever comedy romance. The story is entirely different from the novel and climax after climax is worked out in a way that suggests nothing of the original book. Mr. Boucicault's managers have surrounded him with a cast of artists whose names are all favorably known by metropolitan playgoers. They have also gone to great expense in giving the piece elaborate stage settings, together with costumes not only magnificent, but historically correct. Mr. William A. Brady, who has furnished us from time to time with theatrical entertainments of the higher class, notably "Way Down East," "Lovers' Lane," "Pretty Peggy," each in themselves widely different examples of the dramatic art, has given his personal attention to the production, and the result shows the master hand of one of America's greatest stage directors.



A CHILD'S ARGUMENT.

Tory Aspirant to Madam Toronto—Help me take that nice City Hall away from Tommy Urquhart—he's a Grit.

Not a detail in the production has been overlooked, no expense spared to make it a fitting successor to those that he has given us in the past. Mr. Boucicault's leading lady is Miss Ruth Holt, an actress whose work has been highly commented upon by the leading critics all over the country. For two seasons Miss Holt filled a similar position with Mr. Richard Mansfield. Her last engagement was during the long run of "Pretty Peggy" at the Herald Theater in New York, when Miss Holt shared the honors with that distinguished artist, Miss Grace George. The cast, which is a large one, contains many New York favorites, and will be identically the same as during the coming run which the piece will have at the Lyric Theater, New York, beginning the early part of the year. Among the artists in the supporting company are Miss Beatrice Morgan, Marion Chapman, Lucile Cordon, Charles Rowan, A. H. Stuart, Martin A. Alsop, Charles B. Poor, E. H. Riordan, V. M. De Silke, Dudley Oatman and others. Matinees will be given Wednesday and Saturday.

Confetti.

A woman with convictions is worse than a Little Englander and as bad as a farmer who uses barbed wire.—"Place and Power."

Don Juan is a gentleman who never signs his own name.—"Lady Gay."

You need imagination to form a notion of beauty at all, and still more to discover your ideal in an unfamiliar shape.—"Falk."

Because I have known the torment of thirst I would dig a well where others may drink.—"Two Little Savages."

It is not a foregone conclusion that one who has courage for sorrow will be able to face an intrusive and adventurous joy.—"The Edge of Things."

To live we must have the courage to be happy.—"Amiel's Journal."

It is well for some of us that the still small voice that spake on Horeb is dumb to modern appeal.—"A Girl of Today."

We are snared into doing things for which we get called names, and things for which we get hanged, and yet the spirit may well survive—survive the condemnation, survive the halter, by Jove.—"Lord Jim."

Like the ringlets of a straight-haired lady, joy vanishes in the ungenial atmosphere of vapors and fogs.—"Children of Light."

A prude is a coquette gone to seed.—"Life."

Any woman can manage a clever man; but it takes a clever woman to manage a fool.—"Three—And an Extra."

I should not choose either to live or to die hysterically.—"Melancholy Maids."

Simplicity is the master-key to all true power.—"The Ultimate Moment."

In this world people are never all white or all black; we are most of us merely grey, or, at best, shepherd's plaid.—"Place and Power."

The good humor of Nature is only skin deep, after all.—"The Inland Voyage."

Taste is the feminine of genius.—"Selected."

It's the early bird that catches influenza.—"Canadienne."

Getting Father's Consent.

MR. TENNEY smiled ironically. "And I s'pose I'm only a punkin with no blood to speak of an' no heart at all!" he said, with the air of holding himself nobly in check. Mrs. Tenney refused to accept the challenge.

"That's neither here nor there—you're bein' a punkin," she replied. "What I want to know, Amos, is what you've got against George Raymond? He don't drink; he smokes, I believe, but only a pipe, not them cigarettes. He's got a good education, an' still he's willing to work. An' he's just lost in love for Alice."

"Shouldn't wonder 'f he was," said Mr. Tenney, complacently. "Nothing strange about that, with me the best fixed man in the township."

"Why, Amos, I am surprised!" exclaimed Mrs. Tenney. "You know 's well 's you want to know that George would want Alice just the same if he come from—from the Dromedaries, down Tunkett way."

"Mathe," said Mr. Tenney, dispassionately. "I do to do." "Flashin' Mrs. Tenney."

"Not altogether," said Mr. Tenney, coolly. "But 'tis hardly likely that he's unwares of the fact that Alice will have all I've got some day. You know he'll never have a penny from anybody."

"So you mean to give me to understand that he's scheming an' cal'culating on Alice's prospects—is that it?" demanded Mrs. Tenney.

"I ain't accusing him of anything," said Mr. Tenney, impartially. "I'm merely saying that George is a poor young man an' that Alice's prospects are good."

"You was poor yourself when I married you," said Mrs. Tenney, reflectively.

"I admit it," said Mr. Tenney, as impersonally as he was able. "But that's no reason why I should set still an' see Alice make the same blunder."

"Did pa's being forehanded influence you any?" asked Mrs. Tenney.

Mr. Tenney perceived the narrowing circle of his wife's reasoning. "If you're going to be pers'nal," he began.

"Did it, Amos?" persisted Mrs. Tenney.

"No, it didn't, an' you know it," answered Mr. Tenney, stiffly.

"You fell in love with me—just me—didn't you?" Mrs. Tenney knew it without assurance, but she waited anxiously for her husband's answer.

"Ain't you gettin' kind o' mushy, Ann?" he asked, mildly. "It was that way, wa'n't it?" Mrs. Tenney continued, robustly.

Mr. Tenney picked up the paper he had been reading when the conversation began. "I've always explained it that way to myself," he replied.

Mrs. Tenney got up and began to move about the room. "I guess I'll be stirrin'," she said. "We expect George to supper an' to spend the evenin'." He an' Alice are engaged, Amos, and I told 'em I guessed to-night was good's any to ask your consent."

There was a spluttering exclamation behind the paper.

"What should you think we'd better give 'em—silver or money?" Mrs. Tenney asked, considerably.

"Just which you think best, Ann," answered Mr. Tenney, watching his wife out of the room.

"It's all right," Mrs. Tenney continued to Alice in the kitchen; "he didn't begin to go on as your gran'pa did. When ma spoke to him about your pa an' me, it took the greatest part o' the evening to bring him round."—"Youth's Companion."

"They."

"They say; what say they? Let them say," said Bishop Berkeley. Who are the "they" thus so boldly apostrophized? We may say with one of the fathers, "I know when you do not ask me; but how difficult it is to get nearer! We all have these mysterious "they" on our lips, and yet we cannot define them. Yet though we cannot define them, partly because there are so many of them and partly because none of the great elemental things, like time, love, death and sleep, are capable of definition, we can still know and say a great deal about "they." "They" in Dolly Winthrop's mouth meant Providence. "I wouldn't speak ill o' this world," she was accustomed to say, "seeing them as put us in it knows best." In her sense it is, of course, rarely used, though the slang expression, "as good as they make 'em," recalls it. Still, "they" has generally a slightly mysterious significance. When we say it we allude to some power we cannot define, or to the incomprehensible element in some set of people. "They" often signifies the opposite sex—when to the speaker the peculiarities of that sex seem least understandable. When men speak contemptuously of what "they" do, men often mean women; and when women stand aghast before some strange peculiarity of men they generally talk about "they." Again, "they" may mean all subordinates or all superiors, or rather the unaccountable element which must yet be counted with in these great divisions of people. If the mistress says of her maid that "they" are all the same, she means that there are qualities in the poorer class which are not understood by the richer; and if the maid say it of her mistress, she means the same thing, vice versa.—London "Spectator."

Respect the Rights of Labor.

Clerk—I want an increase of salary. Employer (wearily)—All right. Anything else? Clerk—And I want to get off an hour earlier every day, so that I can spend it.

Unhappy Queens.

"THE great Napoleon was wont to remark that every brave soldier carried the baton of a Marshal of France in his knapsack. In the same manner, especially since Alice Heine of New Orleans became consort of the reigning Prince of Monaco, it may be said that every pretty girl carries in her Saratoga trunk the diadem of a queen or of an empress. The crowns thus attained have, however, says "Ex-Attache," proved of an exceedingly thorny character. Indeed, these fair sovereigns remain on record as objects of sympathy and of pity rather than of envy, and the celebrity which surrounds their names is due, not so much to the brilliancy as to the sadness of their lot."

"Empress Josephine, born as a Mlle. Tascher de la Pagerie, owes her place in the niche of history to the heartless treatment to which she was subjected by her husband, and she is remembered, not as the brilliant and frivolous consort of the monarch who for twelve years was the mightiest in Christendom, but as the pitiable victim of his selfish ambition and of his cruelty."

"Equally sad was the fate of the beautiful Hortense, mother of Napoleon III., and born as a Mlle. de Beauharnais, who, from the day she became Queen of Holland until the time of her death in poverty, abandonment and exile, was a disappointed, sorrowing and heartbroken woman. The gilded apple of royalty, which had been placed in her hands in 1804, had turned into Dead Sea fruit. She had seen her eldest son die, her second son killed, and her third son a fugitive, forced to seek a haven of refuge in the United States. The very name she bore was proscribed; all her relatives were either in banishment or dead, while her poverty was so great that she was forced to appeal for relief to King Louis Philippe, the bitterest enemy of her house and the most relentless persecutor of her surviving son. Nor was the fate of Queen Caroline Murat, whose husband was first imprisoned and then executed by order of the Bourbon King of Naples, any happier."

"Julia and Desirée Clary, the two daughters of a Marseilles broker, who became respectively Queen of Spain and Queen of Sweden, were both noted for their domestic sorrows and for the neglect and indignities of every kind to which they were subjected by their husbands. Queen Desirée of Sweden died at Stockholm some five-and-twenty years ago, and in going through my boyhood memories I am able to recall to mind a trip to Stockholm, and of being taken by my father to kiss the small and fragile hand of a singularly sweet-faced old lady—a vision of black lace, white hair, and still wonderfully brilliant black eyes—who enjoyed the distinction of having jilted the great Napoleon previous to her union to his rival, General Bernadotte."

"Exile, widowhood and the tragical death of her only son in South Africa have endowed Eugénie de Montijo with a majesty which, though sorrowful, is far superior to any which she ever possessed in the days of her greatest magnificence at the Tuileries. The aspect of the once beautiful, brilliant and supremely elegant, but now broken and infirm and aged consort of Napoleon III. is sufficient to excite commiseration even in the hearts of the bitterest enemies of the Bonaparte regime. To such an extent is this the case that when she first visited Paris again a few years ago the mob of men and women who had assembled at the railroad station terminus to hoot and hiss her on her arrival, for her alleged responsibility in the disastrous war of 1870, made way respectfully for her, the men baring their heads and the women murmuring pitifully, 'Oh, la pauvre femme!' ('Oh, the poor woman!') while this wreck of former splendor, beauty and elegance limped feebly to her carriage."

"Yet another of these heroines of royal romance is Nathalie de Ketchko, the more or less legally divorced queen of the late King Milan of Serbia. Her life until now has been more strange, more extraordinary, and more full of exciting incidents than those of the three other women above mentioned. Were it described in a novel it would be set down as extravagant, unreal and impossible; but, far from such being the case, it constitutes one of the most romantic pages of the contemporary history of Europe."

"Born in 1859 at Florence, Queen Nathalie is the daughter of the exceedingly wealthy Colonel De Ketchko, an officer of the Russian Commissary Department, who died a few years ago. Nathalie was affianced to Colonel Constantinovitch of the Serbian army, who, a few days prior to the date set for the wedding, was to be the principal guest at the ceremony. The latter never took place, for Milan, infatuated by Nathalie's beauty and eager for her fortune, at once proceeded to play his customary role of false friend by supplanting his cousin in her affection, and a few weeks later Nathalie became by her marriage to Milan I., the Sovereign Princess and then the Queen of Serbia. The union was an unhappy one from the very outset, owing to the discovery made by Milan after the wedding that his wife's fortune was so completely tied up and well protected that he could not even touch it. Moreover, her high spirit and strong temper did not tend to improve matters, and even before the birth of their only son the stories of their differences became the talk of every Court in Europe."

"So much has been published concerning Serbian royalty that it would be superfluous to make here more than a passing reference to the gross indignities by means of which Milan compelled Nathalie to quit Serbia in the manner in which her only boy, at the time eight years of age, was forcibly torn from her side by the police at Wiesbaden; to the way in which this very son, the apple of her eye, turned against her when king, and banished her from his kingdom because she had disapproved of his marriage, and, finally, to the manner in which she learned at Versailles of his terrible death. To-day she is, like ex-Empress Eugénie, a woman without a country or nationality, who has lost both husband and only son."—Modern Society."

Servants Bullied Guests Who Refused Tips.

"EXTRAORDINARILY obvious," says Violet A. Simpson, writing in the "Cornhill Magazine," upon the subject of "Servants and Service in the Eighteenth Century," "must the evil have been, to draw out so harsh a comment as the Italian Jesuit, Battista Angeloni, makes in his 'Letters.' He came to England about 1736, describing his impressions of the English nation with the penetrating acumen given by his training, even if prejudiced in favor of foreign customs. 'The kingdom,' declares Angeloni, 'appears to me like those fruits which are extremely fair to the eye, and rotten at the core; the malady has begun from the heart. In this country profusion is luxury, and whatever costs most money is always extremely polite. For that reason,' he continues sarcastically, 'alluding to the appalling custom that prevailed of vaingiving—tipping, as we call it now—it is polite to dine with the nobility, where you pay the servants for ten times as much as you eat!'"

"Now this 'vail' system it is which marks down, as it were, the utterly debased condition of service in the eighteenth century town circles. Contemporaries, both English and foreign, realized it. 'This giving of vails,' says Angeloni, 'makes the place of a domestic a more comfortable place than many small trades. The nobility of no nations appear so mean as the English. My lord looks on while his guest discharges the house by paying the servants, and no domestics are so insolent and so inattentive, because they know it is not from his lordship's hands they receive their money!'"

"Vaingiving was not an old custom, only reaching this height of absurd excess with the eighteenth century. It was an abuse of the time-honored largesse which on the conclusion of a royal visit used to be distributed by the king among the servants of his entertainer's household, the host having the honor of kissing the royal hand. But, like many another well-intentioned and harmless fashion, it grew into accord with the temper of its age. Even so late as 1818 Dr. William King, principal of St. Mary's Hall, Oxford, described it as a 'grievance demanding the interposition of law.'"

"In 1799 Meister, in his 'Letters in England,' comments upon the men in the packet boat asking for gratuities, and stoically observes: 'It is a matter of account. In this country, every individual, from the lord to the coachman, seems to know better than in any other what is his just due, and what his fare is to be.' A foreigner might well be surprised at being called on to 'pay for his dinner' while the host stood by! One 'quid' wrote up over the door of his entertainer, 'Fees for dining here are three half-crowns, to be paid to the porter on entering the house; peers and peeresses to pay what more they think proper!' The Duke of Ormond once asked Lord Poer, a Roman Catholic Irish peer, an officer of distinction and renown in the service of France, to dine. He refused, and on being pressed again and again, at last said, 'If your Grace will give me a guinea each time to pay your servants, I will. I am too poor else!'"

"It was said that an English nobleman seldom got away from a dinner party under ten guineas in 'fees,' distinguished foreigners being mulcted in twenty guineas."

Hebert.



Louis Philippe Hebert is in the front rank of Canadian sculptors. His home is in Montreal, and the Canadian metropolis contains more than one statue bearing witness to his genius. The Maitre statue in the Place d'Armes Square and the statue of Archbishop Bourget in front of St. James's Cathedral are known throughout the Dominion. Visitors to Toronto Exhibition will remember the realistic piece of sculpture, "Sans Merci," that was the most striking feature in the Arts Building. Mr. Hebert has been honored by both France and England. He wears the cross of the Legion of Honor and has also the distinction of being a Companion of the Order of St. Michael and St. George. His compatriots, French and English, hope that still greater achievement and higher distinction may await him.

"There appeared in 1754 a letter in the 'World,' containing a scathing little satire which sums up very aptly the position in which both host and guest were placed by the abominable custom:

"I will teach you how to dine with a duke without being in any sense under an obligation. You must know that this noble lord, like others of his quality, keeps a great number of servants, which servants, when you sit down to table, his lordship, out of great complaisance, immediately makes over to you, and they become your servants pro tempore. They get about you, are very diligent, fetch you whatever you call for, and retire with the tablecloth. You see no more of them till you want to go away. Then they are all ready again at your command, and instead of that form which you observed them standing in at table, they are drawn into two lines right and left, and make a lane, which you are to pass through before you can get to the door. Now, it is your business to discharge the servants, and for the purpose you are to take out your money, ply it first on your right hand, then on your left, then on your right, and then on your left again, till you find your self in the street. And from thence comes that common method which all regular people observe of 'paying as you go.' I know not so ridiculous a personage as the master of the house on such occasions. He attends you to the door with much ceremony, but is so conscious of the awkward appearance he must make as a witness to the expense of his servants that he would have it supposed he conceals from him the inhospitable transactions that are going on under his roof. He wears the silly look of an innocent man who has unfortunately broken in upon the retirement of two lovers, and is ready to affect, with great simplicity, that he has seen nothing."

"There is a story told of Lord Tauliffe, an eccentric Irish nobleman, that his habit was to attend his guests to the door, and if they offered money, to say, 'If you do give, give it to me, for it was I that did buy the dinner.'"

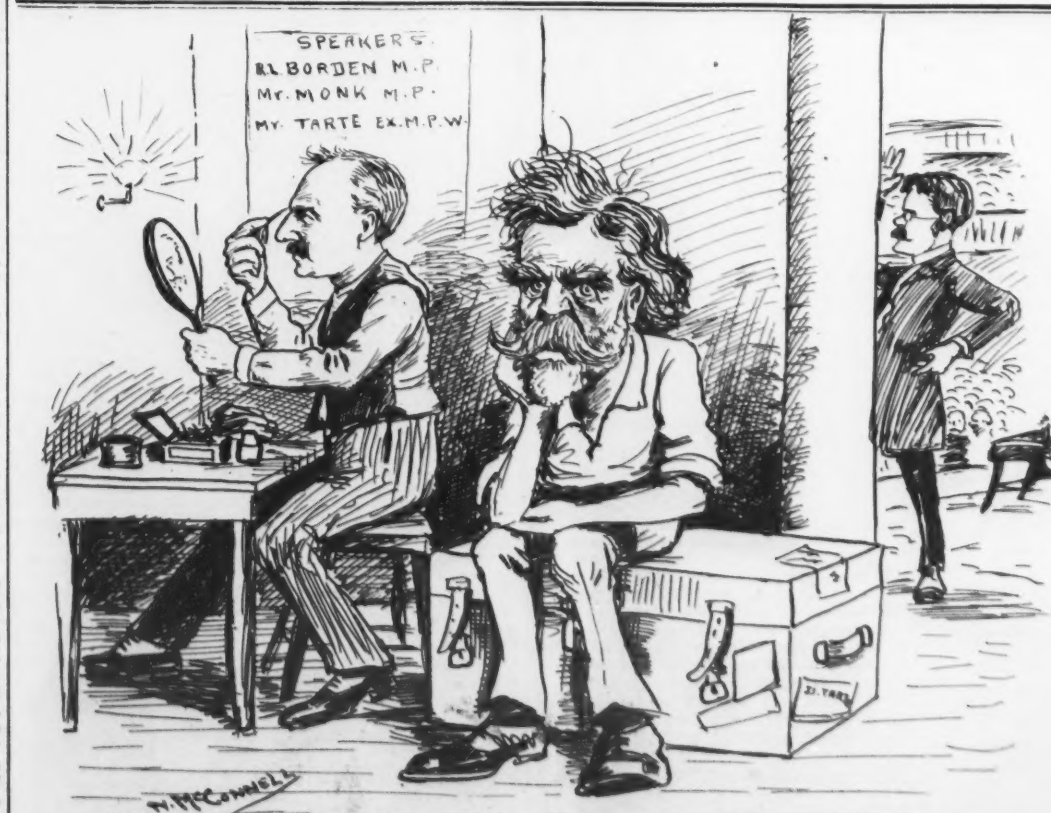
"Another, aptly illustrating to what a level the laws governing social intercourse, manners and hospitality had come, is told of a well-known colonel, who, while sitting at dinner, inquired of his host the names of his servants, for I cannot pay for such a good dinner, but I should like to remember the gentlemen in my will!"

"One eccentric nobleman, passing through the double row of servants, all drawn up in array solemnly shook each expectant hand, inquired after the owner's health, and distributed golden pippins!"

"Another, after patiently redeeming his hat, sword, cane and cloak, to the very bottom of his purse, turned to the two remaining fellows waiting obsequiously, laden with one glove apiece, and affably remarked, 'Keep those; I will not trouble to buy them again. They are old and not worth a shilling.'"

"Life was made not worth living, certainly a dinner not worth eating, to non-payers, however. The harness was cut off the horses of 'stingy' guests, or the axle-pins of their carriage wheels slyly taken out. The humorous side of the picture is well given by a correspondent to the 'Tatler,' who 'dined and did not pay.'"

"I am a marked man. If I ask for beer, I am put off with a piece of bread. If I am bold enough to ask for wine, after a delay which would take away the relish were it good, I receive a mixture of the whole sideboard in a gravy glass."



A STAR NO LONGER.

Tragedian Tarte, in "If I Were Premier"—I expected when I joined so company that I would play a leading role, but by gar, I play so super.

If I hold up my plate nobody sees me, so that I am forced to eat mutton with fish sauce, and pickles with my apple pie!"

"A servant when interviewed," remarked, in defence of the fashion: "It keeps off the impertinence of poor gentlemen, who may be glad of a good dinner, and supports a decorum and dignity!"

"There could be no arguments in justification, but the reasons and excuses for the extent of the canker were succinctly summed up by some wag, who, while scarcely meaning to be taken seriously, has, in fact, placed on record an admirable illustration from his own times of the proverb, 'Celui qui s'excuse, s'accuse.'"

"Man servants," says he, 'are in the service of younger brothers, where non-payment of wages can only be remedied by the bounty of ladies of quality, who are fond of a cold chicken at the lodgings of the said master. Secondly, the custom is necessary to the welfare of servants, since many ladies of fashion steal the card money and wax candles (the recognized 'perquisites' of the attendants) at the routs and dinners. Thirdly, the domestics of people of quality have nothing to do. They have, therefore, to amuse their idle hours somehow, which is expensive. And fourthly, others have such bad humored masters that their spirits are quite broken, and really some compensation is necessary!'"

"As to the servants being badly paid, Angeloni declared they received far higher wages and were better fed in England than in any other country on earth. The common maids have tea twice a day in all the parade of quality, they make it their bargain, and this very article amounts to as much as the wages of servants in Italy."

It is worth noting how amazed foreigners seem to have been at the habit of constant tea drinking permitted to English servants. Tea was selling then at something like twenty-five shillings a pound; it was a fashionable luxury. Contemporary diarists are constantly referring to the "exorbitant practice of tea drinking." In 1741 there was consumed about seven hundred and fifty thousand pounds in England. Only the rich could really afford it, and for servants to claim it as a right marks incidentally their strong position. Perhaps the security of women servants in particular, and in town—of which Defoe so bitterly complains, accounts in part for their being so well able to dictate terms."

A Cursory Rhyme.

Sing a song of statesmen,
A bottle full of rye!
Many affidavits
Baked within a pie.
When the pie was opened
The people felt quite ill.
"Now's the time," said Dr. Ross,
"For an election pill."

CANADIENNE.

The Qualified Pessimist.

"TELL you," reiterated the barber, churning with his brush in the shaving-mug till the soap foamed, "the country's going to the dogs."

"Good old country!" ejaculated the cheerful customer, lying back in the operating chair with the towel round his neck. "The dogs 'll have a treat. Mr. Wilkins, anyhow."

"The colonies are grumbling—see what Canada says about that Alaskan boundary?—and one way and another the Empire's all breaking up."

"And the dogs are going to have the pieces?"

"I'm talking seriously, sir. What I want to know is, what's become of our trade?"

"You can search me. I haven't got it."

"Nice state they've got into on the Stock Exchange, too."

"It is a bit unusual, I suppose."

"Unusual? It's simply deplorable!"

"Still, so long as they can make the place pay, I don't see that it matters much."

"I'm told that some of the brokers are so reduced that they actually can't keep the wolf from the door."

"Perhaps that's why they've let him in, so to speak, and put him on show. May as well make a trifle out of him, if I don't quite follow you, sir."

"Oh, I'm not blaming them. If they can't make money one way, let them try another; that's my motto. And I read in the paper the other day that they'd been having a bear market, and opened a Kafir circus; and some of them have been painting pictures and starting an exhibition. It's not exactly what they've been used to, but I knew a man once who failed as a tea-taster, and then made a pot of money by drinking boiling lead at the Cattle Show."

"Ah! you've been misled by them Stock Exchange terms, sir."

"I admit I've never had any dealings down there."

"Neither have I, sir. But I have two Stock Exchange gents in here every morning, and they fully confirm my views on the terrible financial condition of the nation. You may guess how bad it is when I tell you that this very morning, when I'd finished shaving one of them, he went so far as to get me to lend him half-a-crown."

"Why, then, he's a lucky man, Mr. Wilkins. It isn't all of us who could do that, is it?"

"He says he can't do any business. Nobody can. And it's not only our trade that's left us. Everything's left us. What's become of all our great men?"

"Haven't you got a directory?"

"Ah! When I was young and anybody asked about our great men, sir, I could name 'em without thinking twice. But not now."

"No, because there's so many of them. There's so many that it doesn't occur to us that we've got any till we turn up 'Who's Who.' It's like it is with the man who writes to the papers every year to say he's grown a big gooseberry. He makes a fuss about it because it's rare. But one of these years he'll grow a whole bush full all the same size, and he won't think half so much of 'em."

"Take the Government. How many remarkable men do you find there? Most of them nobody ever heard of before and knows nothing at all about."

"Seems to me, in these days, that's a remarkable thing in itself, Mr. Wilkins. It proves, at least, that they're no ordinary men."

"Take all the departments of the State. What are they doing? Why, they've all gone to sleep."

"They can't be doing much harm, then."

"Are they increasing the efficiency of the army?"

"They've given them a new cap, I see, and put a tuck in their tunics and frills round their trousers, or something of that kind."

"Yes, and what's that a sign of?"

"A sign of peace, I should say, and I'm thankful for it. They wouldn't go to war like that."

"It's a sign, sir, that they've got a lot of old women at the War Office who think soldiering's only a matter of millinery."

"So it is, in times of peace. When it's war, arm them to the teeth, at threepence discount in the shilling. But when it's peace, fit them up to match the nursemaids. That's the idea, and a very nice idea, too."

"No matter. It's clear to me, sir, that England isn't what she used to be."

"If she was, she couldn't be what she is."

"She's on the down grade. The Empire's a bubble, and it's pretty near busting. We've had our day, sir."

"That's no reason why we shouldn't have another one."

"Of course, it's no good arguing with you, sir. You're one of them optimists. Next, please!"

"You're another. We're all optimists, Mr. Wilkins, but we don't all know it. There's a man keeps the shop next door to mine calls himself a pessimist, same as you do," said the cheerful customer, making ready to go. "He was always saying everything was all inside out and upside down, and life wasn't worth living, and he wouldn't be sorry when he'd done with it. Yet he soaked himself in eucalyptus when the influenza was about, and wouldn't come in to see me when I'd got it, because he was afraid of catching it."

"I'm not a fool of that make, sir," the barber called after him, as he disappeared. "What I say, I mean."

The next customer was a foreigner.

"You vos quide right," he remarked condescendingly from under his lather. "Zis Emibre, it is blayed out; it is effete; it is r-r-rotten!"

"Oh!" said the barber, dangerously calm. "I suppose that's why you've come over to live in it?"

"You vos quide right," repeated the foreigner, abstractedly. "Your Government, your navy, your army—it is all no good."

"Ah! But how vos it?"

"Never mind here. We won it, and it's results that count."

"Why, but yourself—vot do you say?"

"I say that England's up top, and she's going to stay there."

"You say, zhust now, zis country all bad—"

"Yes, but you can't show me a better one anywhere outside it."

"Ah! You say zis—you say zat—I not understand you, zare."

"Praps not. I speak English."

"I agree mit you—"

"But I don't agree with you. If you don't keep quiet, you'll get cut."

And while the foreigner, with the razor on his chin, restrained himself with difficulty, the barber boasted shamelessly of Britain, and spoke of all other nations with a contempt that goaded him, at last, to spring up, fling the towel on the floor, pour forth a frenzied torrent of unintelligible language and, without waiting for the barber to respond, slam himself furiously out of the shop.

"I ain't going to have him saying just what he likes about a country that don't belong to him," said the barber.—"Daily Mail."

A Song of Autumn.

Sing a song of the Autumn,
Browns, and yellows, and reds;
While a golden memory still remains
Of days of idleness—Devonshire lanes—
Hills and heathery beds—
A wide blue sky, and a romping sea.
A thought of joy and a sound of glee,
As over a waning year it spreads.
Sing a song of the Autumn,
Browns, and yellows, and reds.

Sing a song of the Autumn,
Reds, and yellows, and browns;
Of bending boughs and a frowning sky.
As winds leaf-laden go whistling by
Parks and hamlets and towns,
They leave cold kisses and chant sad strains.
Yet some sweet memory still remains
Of breaking seas and blossoming downs!
Sing a song of the Autumn,
Reds, and yellows, and browns.

Sing a song of the Autumn,
Browns, and yellows, and reds;
In a strange and wonderful harmony
Blend the noise of cities and murmuring sea.
Weaving golden threads!
They are not over, those sunlit hours.
For life is filled with the scent of flowers.
Rejoice in the light that remembrance sheds!
Sing a song of the Autumn,
Browns, and yellows, and reds.

Temple Bar. L. LOWNDEN.

Girls Who Live Beyond Their Means.

Simplicity is rapidly becoming an obsolete quality among the maids of the new century, who are evolving at a pace that is simply bewildering. Not long ago a young girl, whatever her status in society, was groomed simply, and jewels were considered in bad taste. Now she vies with married women in the richness of her attire and glitters with diamonds. Then, she was carefully guarded as much as possible from the knowledge of evil, and free speech was restricted by her presence. Now she partakes of the fruit of the knowledge of good and evil with her elders and is no longer the ingenuous. Girls, however, are not having an easy time of it by any means.

The obligations of their enfranchisement far outweigh the supposed advantages they have gained. The life of an up-to-date girl in society unless she is exceptionally well endowed with this world's goods is a very difficult and strenuous one. To dress appropriately, according to the standards of the day, for every function; to pay for tips at house parties, wedding presents, hansom, luncheon and the hundred and one assessments which Vanity Fair exacts from its inhabitants, make even what would have been considered a liberal allowance a few years ago seem totally inadequate to the requirements of a girl of to-day. What wonder, therefore, that the undisciplined, thoughtless young creatures often get into trouble, that they incur obligations that it is impossible for them to meet, that they roll up bills that they cannot pay, for it is an open secret that some of the young women who manage to dress and live like their richer associates are in financial difficulties on the part of their inconsiderate relatives will save them from an unpleasant exposure. England, who, in spite of her strictures on "American" fast living, manages to keep well ahead of America in the pace that kills, has already had the social excitement of a bankrupt "society girl."

Survivals.

The natural boy's pursuit of frogs, birds, and woodchucks is an integral survival of a habit indispensable to primitive man. Hunting and fishing were the most necessary means of livelihood for savages. They are pursued now as sports as well as for livelihood, and there is good training in them when practiced merely as sports. They teach civilized man alertness, accuracy of observation, quickness of action, endurance and patience, just as they develop in civilized man some of the invaluable qualities which hunting and fishing developed in savages, and that they recreate and revive in people who lead the unnatural life of civilization the power for useful work.—"Atlantic Monthly."

Printer—Where shall I put this news from the White House? Editor—In the sporting column.—"Life."



We Eat Too Much

We eat too fast, we exercise too little, we overwork our nerves. The stomach and bowels get clogged. (Constipation.) The liver gets upset. (Biliousness.) And attending these two simple ailments come all kinds of diseases and complications.

Hunyadi János

Nature's Laxative Water

Does: Half a Tumbler or Rising

Anecdotal.

There is a quoted conversation of Cobden in "Notes and Queries" that will be very serviceable to the promoters of Mr. Chamberlain's propaganda if it can be authoritatively verified. One of Cobden's friends said to him:

"What will happen, Cobden, if no other country should adopt free trade?"

"Oh," said he, "they will all adopt it."

"Yes, but if they do not?"

"In that case," said Cobden, "free trade will ruin the country in half a century."

The incident related by Mr. Percy Reid in the "Field" last week as to the power of the human eye over savage beasts leads Mr. Arthur Durnford to recall an anecdote of his great-grandfather, Lieutenant-Governor Durnford.

During a picnic in the West Indies a lady, intending to play him a trick, unloaded his pistol. Presently some species of tiger, probably the jaguar, suddenly sprang at the party. The governor instantly seized his pistol, and, pulling the trigger, was surprised to find it unloaded. With great presence of mind he stood quite still, and steadfastly fixed his eye upon the animal, which, intimidated by his looks, presently retired.

Cannon Marriot of Bermuda spent the latter part of the summer at Lenox, Mass. The canon is exceedingly fond of music, and his acquaintance with musicians is extensive.

The canon told one day a story about Offenbach.

"Offenbach," he said, "once had an unusually good valet. The man could shave, cook, tailor, market, doctor horses—do, in a word, a thousand things. Offenbach nevertheless discharged him."

"Why," his friends said, "did you dismiss a servant so apt?"

"Oh, because," said Offenbach pettishly, "in beating my clothes outside my door he would never keep in time."

It once happened when "Faust" was being acted, that the corpulent person who was playing the title role stuck fast in the trap-door, being therefore unable to comply with Mephistopheles's final injunction to descend to the fiery regions. Mephistopheles tried to fill in the pause with interpolated stage business, but still Faust stuck where he was. A dead pause followed, broken by the kindly encouragement of one gallery-god to a friend: "Larry, my boy, there's luck for us all. Sure the place is full!"

A Toronto clergyman lately astonished his congregation by announcing: "My friends, we will worship our close (clothes) by singing the 325th hymn." The unconscious wisdom of his remark created amusement among those who awoke in time to hear it.

James M. Barrie, the novelist, has to patience with reporters who try to pry into his private affairs. On one occasion he was asked to pen a short autobiography. At first he refused, and then, when the reporter began to coax him, he stopped him, took up his pen, and wrote as follows: "On arrival in London it was Mr. Barrie's first object to make a collection of choice cigars. Though the author of 'My Lady Nicotine' does not himself smoke, his grocer's messenger-boy does. Mr. Barrie's pet animal is the white. He feeds it on ripe chestnuts."

The Washington "Post" credits a white-haired matron of that city with a clever musical joke. She was listening, in company with a young man from the State Department, to the music of a pianist.

The selections were all new to the young man till the "Wedding March" of Mendelssohn began.

"That's familiar," said he. "I'm not strong on music, but I know I've heard that before. What is it?"

The matron's eyes twinkled with mischief. "That," said she, "is the 'Maiden's Prayer.'"

James Abbott McNeill Whistler, the noted artist, "past master of the gentle art of making enemies," as he called

himself, will be remembered as one of the most entertaining men of his time. Although an American, at one time his aversion for Americans was so strong that at the Centennial Exposition he preferred that his pictures should not be hung with those of American artists, but in the British section. At another time he turned against the English. It was when he failed of election as president of the Royal Society of British Artists. He and his friends then withdrew from the society.

"It is very simple," he said, in explanation. "The artists retired, the British remained."

He began his education at West Point, and it was his desire, expectation and ambition to have a soldier's career. It was his early wish to excel among the cadets in athletics. But it was not to be. His life, however, was strenuous enough; sometimes, indeed, a battle for mere existence. But he extracted out of it a generous share of what was to him good fun, and in which he enjoyed his meed of good living.

To many people who little realize Whistler's high place as an artist he is held in appreciative remembrance for his extraordinary faculty for saying rousing things, the faculty which he exploits in his book, "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies."

I learn that I have, lurking in London, still a friend," he wrote only last year, "though for the life of me I cannot remember his name."

Yet this strange genius could be a courtier. He had, as president of the Royal Society of British Artists, obtained for it a royal charter, which the society had never before had. When the Prince of Wales, now King Edward, paid his first visit to the society's galleries after the charter was granted, Whistler as president was there to receive him, and the prince said that he had never before heard of that society, and asked its history.

"It has none, your highness," said Whistler. "Its history dates from to-day."

Once he met what seemed to be a quenching retort. He had scornfully called Balaam's ass the first great critic, and the inference was plain until a writer in "Vanity Fair" called his attention to the fact that the ass was right.

Whistler acknowledged the point, and said:

"I fancy you will admit that this is the only ass on record who ever did see the angel of the Lord, and that we are just the age of miracles."

Even in defeat he was triumphant.

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There is Great Danger in Catarrh.

Left to Run Its Course unchecked, it often Causes Death.

Catarrh scatters its poisons throughout the entire system. The stomach and bowels are affected by the droppings that fall into the throat and are swallowed during sleep. Dyspepsia, inflammation of the stomach, bronchitis and consumption are the results. The blood also becomes contaminated and carries the poisons to all parts of the system. Frequently in the more advanced stages the bones of the head become decayed and create a passage for a putrid mucus and create a stench so foul and offensive as to be unbearable. The expression, "rotten with catarrh," is not overdrawn or exaggerated.

Stuart's Catarrh Tablets strike at the root of this terrible, odious disease and eradicate it from the system. They are a constitutional remedy that cleanses the system thoroughly of all poisons and purifies the blood. Under their influence the head becomes clear, the discharges at the nose and droppings into the throat cease, the lost sense of smell is restored, the eye brightens, the foul breath becomes pure and sweet and the odious, disgusting disease is thoroughly expelled from the system.

A Cincinnati man says: "I suffered the misery and humiliation of catarrh for twelve years. My case became so aggravated that it seriously interfered with all my business relations. The disease became so offensive that I would not venture into anyone's presence unless it were absolutely necessary. I tried every remedy that I could get hold of. Some helped me temporarily, but as soon as I ceased taking them I would relapse into the old condition."

"Finally a friend told me of Stuart's Catarrh Tablets and insisted that I try them. I had about despaired of ever finding help, but bought a box anyway. I began to notice the improvement within twenty-four hours after I began taking them. Before the first box was gone I felt like another man. I kept up the treatment till I had taken three boxes and was entirely cured. I have never had a recurrence of the trouble from that day to this. My head is clear and well and none of the offensive symptoms of the disease ever trouble me. It has been two years since I stopped taking them."

Stuart's Catarrh Tablets are for sale by all druggists at 50 cents a box.

The Author's Dilemma.

Through weary years and dreary years He wrote and wrote and wrote; His trousers bugged around the knees And gassed was on his coat. They sent his foolish stories back, He flitted them all away, And scribbled on and worried on, And hit it right one day.

He wrote a tale, a thrilling tale, That had a wealth of wit, And he that had been down so long Was lifted high by it.

His name became a household word, They made him rich and glad, Renown was his, success was his, He had become a fad.

They praised his work, they craved his work; The publishers no more Declined with thanks the stuff he wrote, As they had done before. They hung around him eagerly, And forth from dusky corners came, He brought old tales, his dull old tales, And they were put in books.

A carping few, a precious few, In sober sadness read: "He must have done his one good thing By accident," they said, "Renown was his, success was his, He had become a fad."

Now who shall tell, and wisely tell, The author what to do? Oh, should he rob the multitude To please a carping few? Should pleasure be withheld that dims The glory which is art's?

Should men be fooled when being fooled Brings gladness to their hearts? "Chicago Record-Herald."

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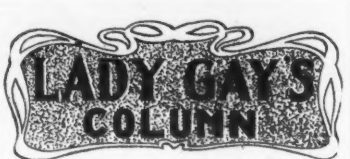
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LADY GAY'S COLUMN

SOMEONE got me the new book written by the little boy I knew thirty years ago as a quiet, soul-eyed baby, who never cried unless he positively had to, who talked an earnest gibberish with metaphysics at rare intervals, and at four years old still sucked his thumb. It was one day those years ago that this solemn-eyed baby remarked that he was "starred" of me, although he removed some of the bitterness of his scare by adding that he "liked" me. And since then he has been, and seen and thought and suffered and loved a bonnie girl who came to me one day with the certainty of being loved for his sake (with some of the "soared" feeling, too, before I had a chance to put my arm about her), and his life has taken in many things he only dreamed of the last time I saw him, but I feel and I know that were he to come in just now, as I read and wonder at his new book, understanding more of it than perhaps anyone alive, he would sit beside me and look as solemnly serious as of old, and tell me he still liked me, perhaps, for in such a nature the old love outlives all the others. Since I have read the book I look upon the little picture of the little solemn baby, the larger one of the youth in academic gown and trencher, and I realize that they are not any more at all—that there is in their stead the man who has written this book, and whom I must place higher, nearer to my heart than to my head.

"That," said I, as we looked at the bird's-eye view of Gotham and I put my finger on Twenty-third street and Broadway, "is the heart of New York."

"Pshaw!" said he, "as if New York had a heart! She has naught but a gizzard, my dear, and it's full of gravel and sand. It was not actually raining, and she had not her 'steady' told her the night before, as he escorted her from church, that it was the 'niftiest' thing in hats he had observed this season? She had secured it at a bargain, too, in the face of protests from the other girls, but the foreman somehow was caught by the pleading look in her wonderful eyes, more than by the angry clamor of girls whom he called 'Miss' this and that, while he only called her 'Jennie' or 'No. 4,' and the coveted hat was handed over to her at \$1.49, the savings of a whole month. It had been too great a temptation to wear it just this once to the shop, and although Monday was a hideous day, it was not actually raining, and Jennie was a sporty little maid and chanced it. So she tore along with one eye on the clouds and the other on the puddles, to surprise the first drop that presumed to fall, until all at once a shower struck her, just halfway down the avenue. With a remorseful gasp, she realized that her daring sally was going to prove a disaster to her millinery. Just as she hesitated at boldly taking it off and covering it with her cape she heard a quick, springy step behind her, and a great, cordial voice said breezily: 'Allow me to shelter you!' He was so tall that Jennie's eyes took on their most adorable slant to catch his. 'Oh, thank you!' she gasped. 'I forgot my umbrella! At least, I mean, I haven't got one!'

The rain was driving down so heavily, smartly now, but the tent umbrella, strong and silky and silver-handled, kept it off most of the small woman; at all events, the hat was dry! The great form of the large young man kept the wind off, and to Jennie's enchanted eyes it was springtime on the boulevard instead of November. Presently she ventured another little adorable slanting look. 'It's very good of you to keep the rain off my hat,' she said, fervently. 'Yes, it's a pity to spoil a new hat, isn't it?' he answered with a half-suppressed chuckle. 'But you shouldn't wear such a fine one on such a shocking morning, don't you know?' Then Jennie, full to the brim of gratitude and confidence, told him why she had done so. The young man roared with laughter. 'Oh, by Jove! it would have been a shame to get it wet!' he said. 'I should turn down here, but I shall go directly to the door with you, and I hope it will be fair when you come home.' So he 'beamed' Jennie carefully along Queen street, unmindful of the possibility of meeting an early bird he knew, and having raised his hat to her at the shop door, and received the most unutterable gratitude in a lovely glance and frank smile, he sprang on a passing car to catch his train. It was one of the little episodes in a life guided by pure altruism, and he smiled as he settled himself in the Pullman to read his morning paper, and in his soul there lingered a sweetness that flavored his speech and expression all day. As for Jennie, she was less sharp and aggressive than usual, even scarcely expressing the retort possible when in answer to the enquiry as to how many car tickets the new hat was costing her, she answered with dignity, 'I walked down with a gentleman friend,' and the good-natured foreman chimed in: 'So you did. I seen you, and he was a 'one-er' too, girls!'

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Marion—Indeed I did enjoy your letter, Wendy! It is characteristic of you Newfoundlanders that you believe me when I say I love and hope to see again your little light little island. I went with you across the autumn hills and down the road and looked across the Arm. I enjoyed it immensely, but it and you are too far away. I am afraid your friend will have to do without the paper after all, but if he only wants it to see or oppose that earnest little person, I am not sorry. Kind regards to all of you, and to good Captain Drake of the "Glen-coe" a dear, kind, sailor man!

Lyderhome—I have your second letter. If you didn't get an answer to the first one of June I am sorry, but I think you did, for I seem to remember doing you a study; and hubby also had to write twice. Dear me! I am growing old, am I not? Your letter is so happy and sweet a voice from the home that I quite enjoy it, and if you really have been overlooked, please let me hear from you again. Tell baby boy that there are others who write me in pencil and get scolded—but then, they don't enclose kisses.

Percy—No, that's nothing, Percy; only the other day another in your circumstances left a fine position to marry a rich man. Yet another is the wife of a distinguished scholar and professor. I could duplicate your own experience, too, but, as the cannibal said after eating the missionary who disagreed with him, "You cannot keep a good man down."

Woman either. I am delighted to hear of your progress, but don't let materialism rule too far. It is as you so frankly confess, often only sheer luck, and the man behind the luck may be a poor creature. It's not much use trying to make a satisfactory study of back-hand, but even that cannot quite disguise your identity and plausibility, caution and care of number one. You are not commonplace, perish the thought! Have originality and adaptability, clear sequence of ideas and facility in expression. While your perception is quick and your mind eminently practical, you have not the inclination many minds at times. I think you need another look at life before you see

it quite straight.

H.L.M.—Your birthday, May 30, brings you under the double sign Gemini, which rules from May 21 to the 22nd of June. It is a variable, undecided, unreliable and often surprising sign. It's never safe to wager on how a June mind will work out a climax. You have the dominant touch and may enjoy the influence you exert over others. You have a pretty advanced development, and with affection are apt to blend some of the exalted Castor and Pollux often want to go very different ways through life. In any uncertainty of will and purpose you must direct them wisely and well.

A Virginian—What can I say about you? It is the hand of sentiment, emotion, susceptibility, and trust in the bona fides of others, without the least element necessary to safeguard the writer. There is brightness and honesty and a certain desire for recognition and approbation that may influence you to many good things. Certainly your writing suggests a mind not evenly balanced nor concentrated, but it has no positively bad traits. The grace of ready sympathy and expression are not marked, and there are no defenses. My fair Southern, take care that in fooling others you're not also in a dunce's cap.

Pilot—It's the dreariest kind of a November rainy day, so I realize your conditions at time of writing. Thanks very much about the polo pony. I am very sensible of the honor, and trust luck may be yours. The little woman is well, so she says by telephone, and your second best came out on Saturday—quite a bit of development. I am very interested in your writing, and I am sure you are never for a day under the weather. Hope C. T. hasn't broken any more bones.

Tommy C.—Of several talents which you have been told you have which predominates? Those are leery kind of talents which are hung on us from the outside. Tommy! You have some of the artist touch (the brush and pencil artist) in your writing, which isn't very well developed yet. I fancy you are somewhat self-centered and rather opinionated. Your will is decided and your purpose firm, neither of which are very markedly inspired. You are very possibly critical and fault-finding and very self-assertive in a quiet way. With all this you may be a popular and interesting person. You have sense of proportion and business method and are trained to be terse and yet careful of details.

McKean—This isn't a very "earliest convenience," my dear lady, but it's the best I can do. What I think is that it's very excellent writing for a layman, and quite wonderful for a stenographer, whose calling is apt to rather mar even a hand like yours. I should make a dandy nurse, and I think you have the heart, hand and head that I should like if you were to nurse me. You are neat, orderly, sympathetic, hopeful, practical, discreet, and systematic in your line of thought. A gentle amenability rules your ways and your ideas are sane and logical. I don't see any great initiative and perhaps in stress you would lack resources, but one can't have everything, and you have a lot of good things. A careful nurse is better in some ways than a magnetic and independent one, which latter I don't think you'd ever be.

Eleanor—No, I don't pity you. You are not pitiable. "A March wind, blown in on the sixth day," are you? Well of all the ways of stating one's birthday it was no gentle zephyr that blew you in anyway. You are affectionate, cheerful and have some sense of humor; would be likely to enjoy company better than loneliness, and to be good company, too. You can always make the best of things, but you have not the instinct nor the power to dominate—one of the leading, not ruling, March children. You have unrealized ambition and plenty of energy. Of course there is lots of room for culture and experience in your life, but you'll probably get it in due time.

Doubtful—I fancy your attitude may have changed and become a certainty that you would never get an answer. Well, I am always sorry to keep people waiting, but sometimes I really have to. Your writing shows much energy, enterprise and inspiration. It is a real live hand, full of purpose, and, though not as steady and reposeful as it might be, still holding itself well together. You often act hastily, but have an eye to results and details. You are frank of speech and not always discreet, but your impulse is generous and kind. If sometimes ruled by prejudices or emotion. There is, however, little sentiment shown in this study, though there are touches of sympathy which make it attractive.

Dolly Gray—Your study comes from a summer resort on Lake Simcoe. I am sorry to tell you that it is quite too immature for delineation, being probably the writing of quite a young girl. Wait

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Social and Personal.

Mrs. T. C. Blogg received for the first time since her marriage at her home, No. 79 Woodlawn avenue, on Thursday and Friday of this week, and will be at home on the first and third Thursdays of each month.

Miss Alice Maud Robinson, who has recently returned from Germany, where she has spent two years under Xaver Scharwenka, is giving a piano recital on November 30 in St. George's Hall. Invitations are out, and music-lovers should note the date.

Mrs. Kingdon, who has been at the King Edward, left on Thursday, November 12, for New York.

A clever Toronto hostess gave a most unique little dinner to a dozen lady friends one evening recently, at which each was to dress in character and contribute a number to a programme for the amusement of the rest of the party. Mrs. Charles Willmott, who was then in town, was one of the guests, and as a Geisha girl proved such a success that she carried off the prize. Mrs. Willmott has since returned to her home.

The concert given by Mrs. O. B. Sheppard on Nov. 10, in aid of the Children's Shelter, was a decided success in every way. The programme was excellent, Mr. A. Leithner and Miss Mildred Stewart and Mrs. Hewes Oliphant singing beautifully, as did also Miss Cootie Hill and Mr. Frank Clegg. Miss Percy Powell recited and Miss Nan Houston and Miss Violet Clegg rendered valuable assistance on the programme.

The second series of Italian lectures by Professor E. J. Sacco begins on Tuesday, November 24, at 8 o'clock at the Conservatory of Music. The four cities, Naples, Rome, Florence and Milan, are to be lectured upon.

Mrs. Fred G. Soper (nee Thom) received for the first time since her marriage at her residence, 162 Dowling avenue, Thursday and Friday afternoons.

The annual athletic dance at Trinity University will be held next Wednesday evening, November 25, in Convocation Hall. The patronesses are Mrs. Christopher Robinson, Mrs. Charles Fleming, Miss Strachan and Miss Cartwright. Mr. E. H. Ker is the secretary.

Lady Edgar is the next president of the Woman's Historical Society. The election of officers took place at the annual meeting on Monday.

The Tennyson Club met for the first time this season on Thursday week in Annesley Hall, where the meetings will be held during the winter.

Madame Masson (nee de Laplante) will hold her post-nuptial reception on Tuesday, November 24, from 4 to 9 o'clock, at her residence, 93 St. Joseph street, and will receive on the first and second Tuesdays during the winter.

L'Alliance Française will hold their next meeting to-night in Varsity Y.M.C.A. building at 8 o'clock.

Mrs. Manning (nee McLeod) has come from Fredericton on a visit to her people in St. George street.

The engagement of Miss Edith Smith of Huron street and Mr. Lincoln Hunter is announced.

"It is to shoot" these days with many of our sporting men, and parties are continually going and coming from the earthly "happy hunting grounds."

Mr. and Mrs. Meyer, who have been at the King Edward for some time, have gone south for the winter. Mr. Bailey, the manager, has returned from a trip. His little son, who has been very ill, is happily better.

Mrs. James Crowther has returned to town after a sojourn of several years in Cobourg. Mr. and Mrs. Crowther are living at 160 Bay street.

Miss May Agnes FitzGibbon is at Hillcrest for a short time.

Mrs. Leavitt, 521 Bloor west, gave a very pretty and enjoyable little tea recently, at which the guests were Miss Caston, Miss Hill, Mrs. Beatrice Nesbitt, Miss Lake, Mrs. S. Alfred Jones, Mrs. and Miss Southworth and Mrs. Young.

Mr. and Mrs. Graham Thomson have returned from their wedding trip, and are settled at 17 Prince Arthur avenue.

An exceedingly smart and pleasant event was Mrs. Barwick's luncheon to the Misses Norah and Rhona Adair, Miss Harvey, Miss Greene, Miss Marler and other visiting golfers and their many Toronto followers and admirers, which was arranged at the Hunt Club. Miss Rhona Adair sat on the right of the hostess, and some of the other guests were Mrs. Gordon Osler, Mrs. Osborne, Mrs. Bolte, Miss Louie Jones, Mrs. Pepler, Mrs. Austin, Mrs. Gibson. The table was a huge round one, centered with pale pink mums and strewn with the same flowers and pretty green, and the hostess was all that is cordial and tactful, as is her pleasant way.

Mrs. Clara Barnes-Holmes, contralto soloist, of Buffalo, will sing at the concert at Victoria University on December 4.

Mrs. Fred Hamby, 338 Berkeley street, has returned from the Beach and will receive on the first Tuesday of the month, as usual.

Mrs. D. A. Coulson of 86 Woodlawn avenue will receive on the second and fourth Thursdays.

Mrs. Fred C. Beal (nee Jones) received for the first time since her marriage on Tuesday, November 17, afternoon and evening, at her home, 351 Dovercourt road, and afterwards will be at home on the first and third Tuesdays.

Mrs. R. A. Grant, who has been an invalid for some time—in fact, ever since she and her family removed from Earl street to 208 St. George street—is now better, and can receive her friends quietly on Fridays. Her mother, Mrs. Hunter, is with her, and will go up to Winnipeg for her son's marriage to Miss Whyte, on the 25th.

The Casting Out of Love.

A Plea for the Heart Interest in Novels.

THE other day, looking over a list of popular novels, I was struck by the fact that several of them were tales that concerned themselves but little about what publishers call the "love interest." Other factors and emotions in the great game of life were introduced as "siding preoccupations and motives." One of the books—Jack London's "Call of the Wild"—entirely ignored all suggestion of amatory sentiment. There was but one woman in the story, and she passed through it as a peevish, futile shadow.

Others of them had "love interests" that were secondary to the aim and matter of the plot. The book concerned itself with an outside problem like "The Leopard's Spots," the reason for which is a lurid presentation of the problem in the South. There is love and a woman in the story, but both are obviously "lugged in" as a concession to popular taste, and have little weight and no influence in the real attracting power of the book. Even "The Pit," by Frank Norris, while it had a sentimental complication and two women, each with a separate love imbroglio of her own, gained all its force and interest from the financial situation that was its pivot, and the large and masterful manner in which that situation was presented.

It will be interesting to watch this tendency and see if it is to make a lasting impression on our romantic literature. Every year the field of fiction grows wider. History has always encroached on it. The reformer has entered it as the best vantage point from which to exploit his ideas. Men of science have condensed to employ it to put forth their opinions. Anyone with a message to deliver takes the novel as the best vehicle of delivery. The romanticist, pure and simple, whose mission was to delight, entertain and amuse, has been joined by a great throng, who are eager to instruct, guide and enlighten. The Socialist, the Anarchist, the doctor, the astronomer, the politician, the prima donna, the clergyman, when they happen to have anything new to say, say it in a novel.

With this multitude of other objects and interests crowding in, love gets rather squeezed out. The doctor who wants to demonstrate his theory that all mental force is abnormal and the result of disease, does not care to hamper the flow of his ideas with an ordinary love-story. The politician, who intends to expose the fraudulent methods of the ninth ward, finds that the "heart interest" gets decidedly in his way. The Socialist, who is going to prove to his own and everyone else's satisfaction that the only true civilization is for the world to unite in brotherly love and share the ill-gotten gains of the millionaires, does not want to diminish the force of his arguments by dragging in such extraneous matter as the love of man and maid. Even the clergyman, who is trying to show to an ignorant world that the Scriptures are inspired, and that David was behaving as the Lord's favorite should when he stole the wife of Uriah, finds it hard to drag in a love-story that won't look pale and tame beside the Biblical one.

It is from among this class of writers that we hear a plaint rising against the "tyranny of the heart interest." We are told that modern life is offering so many other occupations and activities that love is ceasing to hold the prominent place it has occupied for centuries. The romance of business is coming to the fore. The tragedies of financial distresses are taking the place of the tragedies of passion. If Shakespeare had written "Romeo and Juliet" in New York in 1903 instead of in London some time in the end of the seventeenth century, he would have made old Cupid a captain of industry, while old Montague would have been a small financier who was wiping out, and to this great drama the little drama of the loves of their children would have been a pale pendant.

This is what the male writers and the male readers tell us. With women, both as readers and writers, love is still the preeminent emotion of the novel. As far as I know, no woman ever wrote a great romance that did not concern itself principally with the "heart interest," except Harriet Beecher Stowe. And "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was written, not as a work of fiction, but as a sort of evangel of freedom; in the same spirit in which Julia Ward Howe wrote "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." Both women were lifted out of themselves by the power of the times. Neither gave forth a typical expression of her temperament or her sex. In a white flame of excitement each produced a work that was beyond her powers. Neither ever again touched the same high-water mark of achievement.

What a woman wants to read of in a novel is love, and where one man reads a novel ten women do. The woman's life is arranged on a basis of sentiment, and love is the core of it. Money making, the excitement of business, the thrill and struggle of work, are nothing to her when pitted against that great passion by which she lives and fulfills her destiny. She may be a money-maker herself. She may have an office down town and wear a tailor suit and men's shoes, and drive hard bargains, and be a sharp customer to get ahead of, but when she turns to literature for relaxation you will notice that she will not read Kipling's "Day's Work" or Stevenson's "Kidnapped." What she will take up will be "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," or "The Little Minister," or "Eleanora," or, perhaps, even "Moths," or "In Memoriam."

The novelists who neglect love are in turn neglected by women. How many of us know a woman who really loves Stevenson? I have heard innumerable men—men who read little, men who find their bank-books and their ledgers interesting enough literature—suddenly become enthusiastic in speaking of the author of "The Master of Ballantrae." But not women. That he had little to say of them they might have borne. But that he had little to say of the sentiment which fills up and illumines their lives was the unpardonable sin. I recall a woman who noticed that she will not read Kipling's "Day's Work" or Stevenson's "Kidnapped." What she will take up will be "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," or "The Little Minister," or "Eleanora," or, perhaps, even "Moths," or "In Memoriam."

the tragedies of literature that it should have remained a fragment.

One of two elements are found in all the great romances of the world—heroism or love. While men and women have blood to be stirred and hearts to be moved, the doing of heroic deeds—the endangering or sacrificing of life and happiness for the advantage of others, will cast a spell upon them. Horatius at the bridge can thrill others than snooty boys to-day. Leonidas and his Spartans will be a living story when Macaulay's New Zealander is looking at the ruins of St. Paul's. The heroic legend goes back farther than the amatory one. Perhaps love was not held in the high esteem it enjoyed later because of the subject condition of women. The woman had little say or choice about the disposal of herself, and her sentiments on the subject—if she dared to have any—were not usually expressed.

Bravery was the inspiration of the early romancer's muse. The loves of Helen and Paris were not of so much moment as the conflicts of the Greek and Trojan chiefs. The woman and the complications she brought with her, were of subsidiary interest. She was the warrior's reward, the entertainment of his leisure hours, taking the position in man's life that Nietzsche thinks she should hold to-day; that of the most dangerous and alluring toy that man in his times of play can find for his diversion. Even in stories of such universal human interest as that of Joseph and his brothers in the Bible, the woman plays a very meagre part. Joseph's loves are not of sufficient moment to be recorded. His repulsing of the wife of Potiphar was one of the ascending steps in his wonderful career. It was his heroism and ability as a man, and above all, his largeness of heart, the vast magnanimity of his nature, that was the point the biographer dwelt upon.

It was with the Christian era that love entered into even competition with heroism, and finally conquered it. The Anglo-Saxons felt the charm of "the heart interest" from the first. Shakespeare only wrote three plays without it. The political and revolutionary side of "Julius Caesar" are so interesting of themselves that they "make it go." But in "Coriolanus" the lack of amatory sentiment is keenly felt, and one is conscious all the time that the drama suffers from their absence. "Timon of Athens" is never played. Queen Elizabeth admired Falstaff, the fat knight, above all Shakespeare's creations, and Pepsy thought "Romeo and Juliet" "the worst play that ever I heard," but it is by the pieces that turn on the pivot of love that the bard has lived.

From his time on to our own, what great work of imaginative literature is there that has no "heart interest"? The only one that at this moment I can remember is "Robinson Crusoe." But that is a unique production—never before or since repeated—the story of one human being isolated from his kind. No great romance has given us comedy or tragedy without a woman in it—a woman who either feels or evokes love. Many may have attempted, but no one has succeeded in making a successful romance without a woman and the tribulation she is bound to create either quite in the center of the stage or only a little to one side.—Geraldine Bonner.



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The Czar of Russia has a keen sense of justice, which displays itself occasionally in an unexpected but praiseworthy manner, as the following true story will serve to show: A Russian officer receiving but a slender salary was one day seen riding in a tram. The other officers of the regiment were furious at what they called an insult to the uniform, and intimated to the culprit that he had the option of either sending in his papers or being cashiered, and the unlucky subaltern chose the former alternative. Before he had time to do so, however, the Czar heard of the affair, and, without a moment's delay, donned his colonel's uniform of the regiment in question, and, sauntering out of his palace, hailed a tram and, entering it, sat calmly down till it stopped in front of the barracks. He desired the officers to be called, and when they were assembled, addressed them thus: "Gentlemen, I have just ridden from the palace in a tram, and I wish to know if you desire me to send in my papers. I presume I have disgraced my uniform."

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Bliss of Ignorance.

Of purposeless cheating at golf we may be quite sure there is very little. Of unintentional cheating there is a very great deal. By that I mean breaches of rule by people who have not taken the trouble to learn the rules. "Don't you know the rules?" I have heard one golfer in a competition enquire of another. "No," was the answer, in a tone of surprise at the question. "I don't know the rules, and I don't want to—I don't know then what I am breaking them." I may add, for the dignity of my sex, that the golfer of this response was not a male.—Horace Hutchinson in "Westminster Gazette."

Gained Weight and Strength.

Winnipeg Man's Experience with Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets—They Digest the Food, and the Different Parts of the Body Get the Nourishment They Require.

Mr. H. Bailey of 256 Patrick street, Winnipeg, Man., has been using Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets, and his experience should be of interest and benefit to all those suffering from stomach troubles.

Mr. Bailey says: "It is with pleasure I speak of the great benefit I have received from the use of Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets. I have been taking them for the last few months, during which time I have gained in weight eight pounds."

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A Nursery Jingle.

I had a little greenback;
It's name was Dollar Bill.
I lent it to a fellow—
It's lent unto him still.

He took it; he spent it;
And this I have to say:
I'll never lend him any more
Because he keeps away.

—Judge.

Thankless.

She—Do thoughts that came to you long ago ever return?

He (a poet)—Sure, if I enclose a stamped envelope.—Denver "Republican."

The New Little Girl.

A female child approached me not long ago on the street. An air of refinement and good breeding attended her. I paused and pleasantly observed her.

"Hello, grandpa!" exclaimed the child. "Has anybody seen our cat?"

I made no reply.

"Speak up," said the child, "if you don't happen to have amputated your voice. I've lost kind of a tail cat, done off in a tortoiseshell finish. Her feet don't track, but she's sound and kind, city broke, stands without hitching, and answers to the name of Laura Jean Libbey. Where is she?"

"Young woman," said I, "I am not aware that I have the honor of your acquaintance."

"Don't let that cause you any insomnia, grandpa," said the female child. "I'm not trying to make a hit with you. Either you've seen my cat or you haven't. If you haven't, we'll part in a



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friendly way, with no clothes torn. If you have, I'd like you to produce, dig up and relinquish the cat. Is it a go? Is there anything doing in the feline way?"

"No," said I.
"Then so long," said the female child. This, sir, I presume, is the result of our system of educational and home training, allowing children to develop along the lines of least resistance.—Syracuse "Post-Standard."

Low Rates to the West.

Until November 30 the Grand Trunk will issue tickets at reduced rates to points in Montana, Colorado, Utah, Washington State, British Columbia, Oregon and California. Call on nearest agent or address J. D. McDonald, dis-

trict passenger agent, Toronto, for full information, maps, etc.

Wabash.

Cheap one-way colonist tickets are now on sale daily until November 30, over the great Wabash line to California, Colorado, Utah, Idaho, Montana, Washington and British Columbia. Tickets are good to stop over at different points. This will be a grand opportunity to visit the above points, at a very low rate. All tickets should read over the Wabash, the short and true route to the West. For time-tables, reservations of sleeping car berths, and other information, address any railroad ticket agent or J. A. Richardson, district passenger agent, N. E. corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto.

MUSIC

WHEN Creator and his Italian band, at the close of their engagement at Massey Hall last Saturday evening, played as their final number "The Star-Spangled Banner," the audience, not unreasonably, concluded that either they were ignorant of the fact that Canada was not a part of the United States or that they deliberately intended to put a slight upon Torontonians because their four concerts had not attracted the crowds they had anticipated. In the circumstances the small gathering received this display of bad taste or ignorance—whichever it happened to be—with commendable dignity. They did not hiss, neither did they at once leave the hall, and apart from a slight tittering, no demonstration of any kind occurred. I cannot record that there was any special artistic feature in the playing of the band at the four concerts. As on the occasion of their first visit last season, they played with much fire and abandon and plenty of rhythmic and metrical accentuation. On the other hand, the tone of the fortes was often commonplace and occasionally coarse, and the dances were obviously spasmodic and ill-regulated. I liked the band best in the Italian selections, such as the fantasia on "Traviata," the style and character of which seemed to suit their national temperament. Creator, the conductor, was a little less extravagant in his methods of direction than when he first appeared in Toronto. He did not so often leave his desk to jump in and out among the players and make messianic passes over their heads, but in other respects his gestures and attitudes were as much in evidence as ever. On Thursday evening they gave a Wagner programme, which included the overture to "Tannhauser," the prelude to "Lohengrin," the prelude to the third act of "Tristan and Isolde" and the "Ride of the Valkyries." With the overture to "Tannhauser" they were not particularly successful. In the first movement the accompanying passages for the strings as given to the reeds were altogether overwhelmed by the brass in the canto fermo of the "Pilgrims' Chorus," so that this characteristic feature of the last part of the movement might just as well have been omitted altogether. The Venusberg music was fairly interpreted, although it opened mezzo forte instead of pianissimo, while the call of Venus herself was altogether lacking in the seductive delicacy which should distinguish it. The finale was, however, worked up to a most strenuous and imposing climax, which with the audience made amends for the shortcomings of the earlier scenes. The prelude to "Lohengrin" was altogether a disappointment. Not a trace of the finely-drawn, ethereal tones of the harmonies and upper notes of the violins in the original was suggested in the opening, while the close was developed into a strident mass of sound, which was noisy, but not majestic. On the whole, Creator may be credited with giving remarkably good programmes—certainly much freer from clap-trap than the majority of the Sousa programmes heard in this city. The solo vocalist with the band was Mme. Barilli, a soprano of some brilliancy, who may be remembered as being with Creator last season.

M. Colonne, the eminent French virtuoso conductor, seems to have completely made a conquest of the New York critics at the concert of the New York Philharmonic Society last week. The "Evening Post" musical editor, in his notice last Saturday, says: "The Philharmonic played yesterday as no orchestra has played in this city for several years. And why? Because it had a conductor who could inspire as well as command his men. He had not seen these players before Tuesday and three days later they followed his every wish, as if they had played under him for years. How this disposes of all the foolish talk about permanent orchestras and the need of endless rehearsals! A great conductor can do more with thirty rehearsals than a mediocre with thirty, and why? Because the players respect and admire—as we all feel him, and try to do their best. This trying to do one's best is the secret of great orchestral playing. All the Philharmonic musicians threw their whole soul into yesterday's performance; they were enthusiastic over their splendid leader and the enthusiasm was contagious."

London "Truth" hears that it is reported in Birmingham that Dr. Elgar received \$5,000 for the first hearing of his oratorio, "The Apostles." The same paper says that Dr. Elgar is engaged in composing his first symphony, and that in all probability it will be performed for the first time in public at the Leeds Musical Festival next October.

The London "Musical News" reports a very interesting discussion which took place at the recent Church Congress at Bristol, Eng., on music in the church. The debate was on the subject of congregational versus choir singing, a matter which is receiving some attention in Canada. Sir Walter Parratt asked: "Was there no part of the service that could be left to untrained Christians?" There was too much intoning, and he would like to hear the confession, creeds and many of the prayers read in the natural voice. Very few, he thought, could intone or even read properly, yet the best readers were nearly all musical. He had chased a clerical voice up and down on the organ during the reading of the Commandments, and had known the priest take five notes during that time, four of which were wrong and the fifth fearfully out of tune. He did not entertain strong hopes of better things. He feared the average Englishman had lost the power of joining intelligently in the service even in his natural voice, and drifted into the dreary drone which was so depressing. Other speakers were more or less hard on the clergy, one of them going so far as to say: "If a priest was a thorough master of the subject, by all means let him sing his choir; but, if not, let him not be too free with criticisms and suggestions which were bound to lead to friction and misunderstandings between himself and the choir and

organist." The "Daily Telegraph" considers this most excellent advice, "but the clergy are not likely to follow it. The musically ignorant person is he who most often undertakes duties that demand an expert. He will not part with any of his power. This is, in part, why the present ambitious forms of musical service are seriously threatened."

Referring to the alleged properties of the Roentgen rays in artificially aging violins and imparting to them in a few hours the mellow tone which it was believed that only centuries could give, the London "Daily Telegraph" fears that the market will, in consequence, shortly be flooded with spurious Strads.

A large audience patronized the concert of the Parkdale Methodist Church choir on Tuesday evening, and gave every evidence by frequent applause of enjoying the programme of sacred and secular music which had been prepared for the occasion. The choir, which have been constantly progressing in the essential elements of good singing since Mr. A. B. Jury's appointment to the position of organist and director, well sustained their reputation for sound musical quality of tone and generally refined renderings of their music. These attractive qualities were conspicuously illustrated in Hawley's "Tristram and Isolde" and in Mendelssohn's "Hear My Prayer." The latter was the most important number of the evening, and the ensemble was very effective. Mrs. A. B. Jury singing the solo part with much feeling and in excellent voice. A taking number was Greene's "Sing Me to Sleep," performed with much softness and with a steady touch of intonation on the whole. Stewart's "Bells of St. Michael's Tower" completed the selections for the choir. Mr. Fred Butler, a singer with a pleasing, smooth bass voice, but of a somewhat placid temperament, contributed several solos, among which were Wagner's "Star of Eve," Handel's "Honor and Arms," Herbert's "Song of the Carbine" and Phillips' "A Son of the Desert." Mr. Butler was warmly applauded. Mr. Butler was several times recalled, and responded with extra numbers. Mrs. Jury sang Tosti's "Good Bye" expressively, and Miss Margaret Wilson gave a solo which was received with much appreciation. A quartette by Messrs. C. Parker, O. Edwards, A. Jury and L. Briggs was a well-balanced effort, and altogether the concert gave general satisfaction.

"The Prince of Pilsen," the musical comedy by Gustav Luders, this week's attraction at the Princess Theater, while not quite so full of snap and go or so humorous as "The Yankee Consul," which preceded it, is just as sumptuously mounted and is presented by a most efficient company. There is a cast of six principals, all competent to fill their respective roles, and a first-class chorus, numerically strong, and with no mere ornamental members. Luders' music is light and pretty, if sometimes reminiscent, and there are several numbers that made popular hits. I might mention the students' song, "Heidelberg," for eight male voices, the "Stein" song, and the entry song of the Prince of Pilsen and his attendants. The principal comedian, Mr. Frank W. Ransom, gives much merriment by his impersonation of Hans Wagner, a Cincinnati brewer, who is mistaken for the Prince of Pilsen by the good people of Nice, and he has a song, "It Was the Dutch," which takes specially with the gallery. Another popular hit received with numerous encores is a solo sung by Polly Guzman as a lively American widow, describing the type of girl in various large cities, and to which is added a rider describing the super-excellence of the Toronto girl. The costumes are beautiful and the color scheme of the production delightful. I must not forget to say a considerable share of the attention of the audience is at the outset commanded by Victor Morley, an Englishman who takes the part of an English lord and who plays it so amare. In the second act, however, the role is almost effaced and becomes a minor part. The management once more deserve praise for strengthening the orchestra. It is a pleasure to hear the oboe, bassoon, violoncello in the theater, from which they are generally absent.

Successful local concerts of the week were that given in Massey Hall on Tuesday evening in aid of the Hospital Cot, heard, under the auspices of the Canadian talent of our chosen friends, at which the talent consisted of Donald MacGregor, Teresa Flanagan, Mabel Manley, Bert Harvey, W. J. White, J. H. Cameron, supplemented by the Highlanders' Band, and the benefit given in the Guild Hall on Monday in aid of the King's Daughters, Grace Hospital. At the latter the soloists were Donald MacGregor, Kathleen Scroggy, Miss Dickenson, Mary Donaldson, Gertrude L. Philip, Chrystal Brown and Maude R. Tisdale.

Miss Shildrick's selections in Massey Hall for next Sunday afternoon, for the Canadian Temperance League, will include Liddle's "Abide With Me."

Most flattering receptions are greeting Mr. Harold Jarvis and Mr. Owen A. Smiley, who, under the direction of Mr. W. Spencer Jones, are now filling a series of 36 engagements in dual recital. During the past week the "standing room only" sign has been out for these two well-known artists in St. Catharines, Orangeville, Port Hope, Belleville and Fenelon Falls. This is a decided credit both to the bookings of Mr. Jones and the drawing powers of these two well-known Canadian favorites, who are meeting with such success on this, their third annual tour together.

A most interesting concert was given on Monday evening by the choir of St. Giles' Presbyterian Church in the main audience room of the church. Mr. Raco, organist and choirmaster. The choir were assisted by Miss Marjorie Smith, soprano soloist of the choir; Mr. Arthur Blight, baritone; Mr. Paul Hahn, violinist; and Mr. E. R. Bowles, organist. The work of the choir delighted the lovers of sacred music who attended. Mr. Raco had about forty-five choristers under his baton, who performed their part of the programme in admirable style. The composers represented in the choir's part of the programme were Turner, Burnby, Lee, Caldwell, Thomas and Handel. Two unaccompanied numbers by Burnby and Caldwell were extremely well rendered, being notable for good quality of tone, even balance and light and shade effects, whilst the phrasing was exceptionally good. Mr. Raco de-



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serves every possible praise for his work. The organ solos by Mr. Bowles, the solos by Miss Smith and the solos by Mr. Hahn were much appreciated and called forth hearty applause. Mr. Arthur Blight was in excellent voice, and was forced to respond after each number. The programme closed with the anthem "Holy Art Thou" adapted to Handel's "Largo," the solos being taken by Miss Smith and Mr. J. Robertson.

On Thursday last Miss Eileen Millett, pupil of Dr. F. H. Torrington and for many years soloist of the Metropolitan Church, left for London, Eng., to pursue her studies at the Royal Academy of Music. During the time Miss Millett has occupied the position as soloist she has by her modest, unassuming manner and feeling interpretation won scores of warm friends, who regret her departure, and will miss her from the position she has so faithfully and acceptably filled. On Wednesday evening a "farewell" was extended to Miss Millett by the congregation and her friends, when she was presented with an illuminated address expressive of their high appreciation of her services in the choir and best wishes for a safe and happy voyage and unbounded prosperity. The address was accompanied by a well-filled purse of gold. A short programme was given, in which Mrs. Scott-Raff, Mrs. W. Armstrong, Miss Ordor, Miss Millett and Mr. J. P. Tilley took part.

That popular organization, the Sherlock Concert Company, has been meeting with the greatest success in its Eastern concerts. Recent appearances in Napanee, Williamsburg, Milton, Deseronto and Morrisburg have called forth newspaper criticisms of the most satisfactory character, the press speaking in each instance in the warmest terms of praise of the programmes provided by Mr. Sherlock and the other members of his excellent company.

The Sherlock Vocal Society is busily engaged rehearsing "The Creation," and the committee promise a most satisfactory presentation of the oratorio on January 19, in Massey Hall, when the society will be assisted by eminent foreign soloists and a full orchestra. The subscription lists are now out.

The problem of how to teach the language student the correct pronunciation seems solved at last. Whole classes are being taught, with astonishing results, with the Edison Phonograph, which has a double use now, amusement and study. This excellent method is really worthy of receiving the fullest consideration and a fair trial. French, German or Spanish is taught in 25 lessons, and easily learned by children and adults during the long winter evenings when they are confined to the house. R. S. Williams & Sons Company, 143 Yonge street, representatives for the genuine Edison Phonographs, are giving a free lesson, to make anyone interested in the subject familiar with this method.

Adelina Patti.

Originally Madame Patti was announced during this present tour, under the management of Mr. Robert Grau, to give two concerts at Carnegie Hall, in New York.

Madame Patti has recently won such triumphs in Wagner selections that the management have wisely decided that she will give at least one Wagner song at each concert. The popular old numbers will not be cut out, however. The Toronto concert takes place Thursday, December 3, and the plan for subscribers opens at Nordheimer's next Thursday.

"Petticoat Influence."

It is fairly certain that if certain society women of the present day were not so lovely, and two others were not so smart, the Cabinet, the Foreign Office and the much-abused War Office might all be on a much more satisfactory footing, says a writer in the "Bosdon." Let us acknowledge it, but at the same time enter a strong protest against the sneers flung at the women who rule the men. They do not really enjoy it, for though power is sweet, there is something far sweeter to the average woman—to be made to know that she has found her master in the man who loves her!

The "petticoat influence" of many notable women has been for good rather than evil. Was it not in the salon of the Princess Yvonneffels that the Constitution with which the Czar Alexander II. proposed to endow his people was

signed? Was not Hungary comparatively contented with its lot for years only through the influence of the late Empress of Austria?

On the other hand we get that tremendous factor making for evil whenever a woman has influence—the fact that every action is influenced, first and foremost, by a personal feeling. The Catholic Church—or perhaps I should say the Vatican—has no more bitter enemy than a French noble lady, who thwarted the late Pope more than once through her influence at the Italian court. And why? Simply because it was the late Pope who prevented her marriage with her first love.

The Emperor William of Germany is singularly free from "petticoat government," having a domesticated wife and no "little affairs." It is being whispered, too, that when the heir to the throne begins to exert some influence on affairs, "petticoat government" will loom large upon the horizon. At present he has little enough inclination for the domestic virtues.

The Philistine Public.

The public takes very little interest in literature, and, left to itself, would just accept any rubbish that the boys or girls at the circulating libraries choose to send. When the gaudy volumes have lain about the drawing-room for a few days, mainly unread, they are sent back, and others arrive by an automatic process. Thus from 250 to 500 new novels pass through an English home during the course of a year.—Andrew Lang in "Independent," New York.

Wanted Longer to Make it Shorter.

Editor—So sorry, Mr. Scribbler, but your short story is too long for us. Scribbler—Is it, indeed? I wrote it in a hurry, you see—so I hadn't time to make it any shorter.

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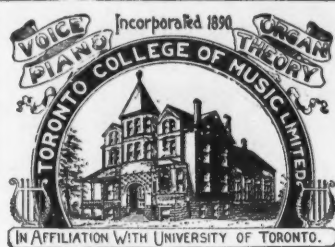
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Social and Personal.

Mrs. Darling's At Home will be remembered for more than one reason, but perhaps after the guests had greeted the hostess and the pretty, fair-haired debutante they were apt to say, "What glorious flowers!" The Chrysanthemum Show at St. George's Hall may have been more varied and interesting, but never in a private house have I seen such white and golden 'mums as reared beautiful blooms in every direction to celebrate the coming out of Miss Gwen Darling. Even persons who don't often pause in gossip or fun to admire flowers stood delighted among the pure, exquisite blossoms, 'mums rugged and curly, 'mums huge and smooth and round, banks of them, clusters of them—it was one of the sights of the season! A huge mound of them centered the refreshment table, which was the regulation debutante dream of white and delicate green, with a bright touch of deep red in the shaded lights. Such a lot of pretty girls were also in attendance at this tea, the guest of the house, Miss Douglas Young, of Hamilton, Miss Joan Arnold, tall and fair and sweet; Miss Mollie Waldie, sparkling and handsome; Miss Eva Miles, who never looked better, and Miss Gladys Burton, who is always welcomed to such a bright coterie, being kept busy handing all sorts of dainties to the ladies who, after the manner of the five-o'clock, thronged the dining-room. Mrs. Darling received in a handsome black "robe paillettee," and the debutante was in fine muslin, embroidered from belt to hem, a charmingly simple but chic frock. She carried a sheaf of American Beauties. Enquiries (by those who had just left the hearty "bonsoir" of Mr. Baldwin) for the master of the house found him expected, but, as the hostess laughingly remarked, "You'll meet him on the bridge," which was just what happened at the "eleventh hour," for people who came late (perforce) stayed late, reminding each other that they were asked until 7. Miss Gwen's friends are anticipating a very jolly time for her this season, and everything indicates that among the pretty and popular girls she will not be missing.

Miss Isobel Creelman came up this week for the Cassels dance last evening, and has been the guest of her aunt, Miss Jennings. A misleading fiction has been going the rounds of the papers that Miss Jennings has been in Montreal visiting Mrs. Creelman, it being, as a matter of fact, a niece of Mrs. Creelman's, Miss May Jennings of the Junction, who was enjoying herself in Montreal. Miss Creelman intends going home to-morrow night, as there are engagements in Montreal claiming her attention. During her stay in town she has had many luncheons and other doings, as well they may, for she is, par excellence, the beloved of all her friends.

Mrs. Montzambert is up from the capital on a visit to Mrs. Walker, in Prince Arthur avenue.

Mrs. Logan intends giving a dance in St. George's Hall for her debutante, Miss Olive Logan, early in January.

Musical lovers of Toronto will no doubt be glad to know that a professional band—the new Irish-Canadian Band—has been organized, and consists of about sixty professional musicians, and will be under the baton of Mr. Ed Quivron, late bandmaster of the Victoria Rifles of Montreal. Their first appearance will be next Sunday evening, in the Princess Theater, when they will play a grand sacred concert, assisted by Mr. O'Connell, Mr. R. Rankin, Sig. F. Nicolai and Master Frank Clegg. A silver collection will be taken at the door in aid of the Children's Shelter in Simcoe street.

The engagement is announced of Miss Katherine M. Davidson, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Davidson of Toronto, to Mr. H. Arnold of Ottawa. The wedding date has not as yet been announced.

A very pretty but quiet wedding took place at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. John Russell, 278 Crawford street, on Wednesday afternoon, November 18th, when his daughter, Janet S. McIntosh, was married to Mr. William H. Miller. The ceremony was performed by Rev. A. Logan Grogan of Parkdale Presbyterian Church in the presence of the immediate relatives of the bride and groom and a few intimate friends. The bride party entered the drawing-room preceded by the bride's little niece, Miss Margaret Russell, who was dressed in white, and carried a basket of pink and white roses. The bride was becomingly gowned in grey edelweiss trimmed with lace and applique, and carried a bouquet of pink roses. After a short reception Mr. and Mrs. Miller left on the 450 train for New York. The bride's going-away gown was navy blue cloth with a very pretty hat of blue chenille and mink.

The Toronto chapters and individual members of the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire are getting up a Christmas luncheon and tea-room on the first floor of the Michie building, King street west, to be in progress from the 16th to the 24th of December. The immense success of last week's luncheon at St. Andrew's Institute is rather a guarantee of success for the venture, which will be run as carefully and elegantly as was the one above mentioned. Decorations of the most recherche style are to be arranged in the rooms.

At ten o'clock a.m., November 18, a quiet but interesting wedding was celebrated at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. (Captain) Holmes, West street, Napanee, when her daughter, Miss Georgie Helena Herring, became the bride of Mr. Lawrence Fowler of Soranton, Pa. The ceremony was performed by Canon Jarvis in the presence of only the near relatives of the bride. After the ceremony the company present sat down to a recherche wedding breakfast. The bride was unattended, and wore her traveling gown of navy blue habit cloth, with white silk blouse, and dainty blue hat to match. Her sister, Miss Freda Holmes, and niece, Miss Grace Ward, were flower girls, and wore dainty cream dresses and large picture hats, and carried baskets of flowers. The parlor, where the ceremony was performed, was profusely decorated with palms, ferns, and cut flowers, and the dining-room and tables were handsomely decorated, one table with white carnations and the other with white chrysanthemums. The gowns worn by the bride's mother and sisters were lovely and most becoming. The bride's mother wore black silk with a becoming black hat. Miss Nellie Herring, pink and white taffeta, and black picture hat. Mrs. (Dr.) Ward, grey silk poplin over white taffeta, and black picture hat. Mrs. J. W. Robinson, black India silk with chiffon pleatings, and touches of amber, and black picture hat. The bride is one of Napanee's most loved and lovely girls, and her hosts of friends extend their very best wishes for future happiness and prosperity. The presents to the bride were very numerous and consisted of the daintiest china, cut glass, silverware, bric-a-brac and several handsome pieces of lace work and embroidery, and a set of stone marten furs. Mr. and Mrs. Fowler left on the 12.50 train for a honeymoon in Boston, New York and several other United States cities, after which they will reside in Soranton, Pa.

Mr. E. B. Coleman, a fine young more than six-footer from Copper Cliff, has been removed thence to the bank's office on the corner of Church and Wellington streets. Dr. and Mrs. Coleman's friends, who deplore their absence from Toronto so often, will welcome their young representative for their as well as his own sake. Mrs. Coleman is, I am glad to hear, now quite better from her accident a month ago, when she was thrown from her horse and had several ribs broken.

Mrs. John Bascom (nee Gerhard Heintzman) was besieged by callers on her first reception day last Wednesday. The bride wore her wedding dress of crepe de soie, which was so much admired at the wedding, and was assisted in the tea-room by her bridesmaids and maid of honor, Miss Nolda, her sister. The decorations of the rooms and tea-table were in purest white, and both afternoon and evening the guests arrived without cessation. Mr. and Mrs. Bascom have each a large circle of good friends, who did not delay in welcoming them back to Toronto. Mrs. Bascom will receive on Mondays.

"I wish I had a daughter to bring out," laughed a generous hostess to-day. "I'd give the jolliest dance." "Do so, anyway. We'll waive the raison d'être. We'll all be your debutantes," cried a perfect dancer. And she waved so prettily that I hope to hear she has consented.

An artistic display of decorated china by Miss Hendershot, 2 College street, will be on exhibition in Room 23, Bank of Commerce Building, corner College and Yonge, November 24, 25 and 26.

Up-to-Date.

Dear Editor—On Monday morning last, at a meeting of the General Ministerial Association at the Y.M.C.A., a reverend gentleman asserted that "Socialism has now a place in the church courts; the great need of the church is versatility; the church has got to get sense; the down-town church must either die, move up town or get up-to-date."

It is thought by some plain lay people who are reputed to have sense that were ministers to confine their efforts to preaching the gospel there would be less lunacy outside of asylums—the pulpit inclusive. These conspicuous bill-boards on street corners announcing such texts as "Should a Protestant Marry a Catholic?" "Why is a Nigger's Hair Not Red?" "Soft Soap as a Soothing Syrup," and other sensational swash, to catch the vulgar eye and draw the rabble, ever eager for diversion—is this worship? Is this "up-to-date?"

What is there in these platform "addresses," which are little short of sacrilege, to inculcate veneration or anything of the spirit of reverence? Where is the old religion, the old home-life, obedience to parents, steady growth, strength of body and mind, solidity, the generally manifest exercise of common sense and a jealous regard for the principles of friendship, love and truth? Echo answers, "Where?"

The very atmosphere is tainted with the effects of the teaching of the last quarter of a century. Were dishonesty and perjury and disregard for the laws of God and man confined to apparently degraded or partially developed classes among the masses, there might not be so much ground for impeachment, but the representatives of the people, the pretensions and self-styled cream of the intelligent, the product of this very "up-to-date" school and pulp system—they are smarter, but not much better. "Up-to-date," indeed!

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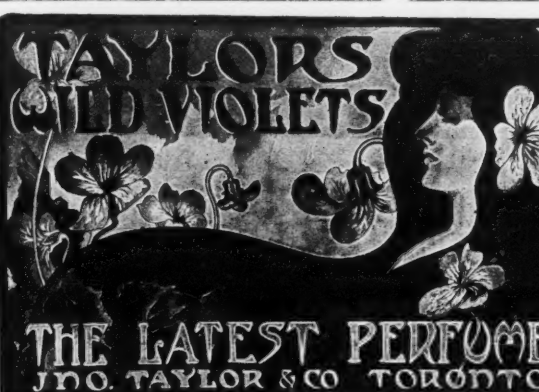
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Jan. 17—The New Thought of Election, Foreordination and Human Freedom.

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Nov. 22—What Must the Laboring Man Do to be Saved?

Dec. 6—What Must the Rich Man Do to be Saved?

Dec. 13—The Vice of Gambling: What to Do About It.

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Jan. 10—Private Monopoly and Public Ownership.

Jan. 17—The Teaching of the Bible, Religion and Morals in our Schools.

Feb. 14—Our Newspaper Press: Its Influence and Responsibilities.

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The Advice of Sandy McTavish

MISTRESS MARY M'TAVISH was a sweet, pretty-looking woman still. She had not been, however, particularly happy in her married life, for the match had been a "made-up one" by her grandfather. Still, the couple had joggled along, in a peaceable kind of way, on their flourishing farm, and when Mary was feeling the want of sympathy and the "petting" she had been used to, she took refuge in her garden, where her beloved flowers bloomed luxuriantly. Often she would talk to them, as she sat amongst them, with her knitting, and she got to fancy they heard and answered her, when the tall ones nodded their heads in the soft breeze as if in reply.

Sandy McTavish was a man of sterling worth, but a bit "dour" and stern. He loved his winsome young wife dearly, though he would have thought it unmanly to make the slightest demonstration of his real feelings. "A very respectable man," his minister said of him, but—he had his ways and it had been pretty well known before he married that he had no gumption in his management of women folks.

When looked upon as a confirmed old bachelor he had met Mary one evening on the heathery braes, with a rose in her hair, and had succumbed to her fresh charms. He was nearly double the girl's age, but being a well-to-do man and she a penniless lass, before she quite realized it all she found herself installed as mistress of Brindle Farm. She had every comfort, but these "ways" were trying, and she would often have gladly gone without her dinner for a nicely-turned compliment or a kiss. Likely as not she would have got them both for the asking—but ah! the flavor would be gone!

One fine morning she put on the blue dress her husband had admitted that he thought "no bad," and proposed driving into the country town with him to be photographed. Although she had joyfully remarked, "I'm no near as good-looking as I was," now—now was the opportunity for that coveted compliment and kiss. Alas! poor Mary!

Sandy really in his heart of hearts thought his lass quite as sweet and bonnie as on the day he wedded her, but, worthy man, it didn't occur to him he might please her by saying so. Her appearance was so charming, actually, that a strange feeling of reticence tied his tongue, and he just grunted out: "Hoots, lassie! that canna be helped!" provoking thereby, to his surprise, a burst of tears from his better half and an emphatic refusal to be "taken."

"Women are little cattle," he mused, as he drove off alone. "There's no understanding them at times. Nae doot she jist wants a good cry, purr bit thing! She's geir young for an auld man like me, I'm thinkin'." But he bought some bright ribbons at the village fair that day.

Some years afterwards, when he caught a chill and died—died with his hand holding Mary's fast and close, and his eyes looking into hers, she mourned for him sincerely. He left her with a tidy little sum in the bank, so she kept the farm, the products of which met with ready sale everywhere, for their excellence was proverbial.

She had suitors, lots of them, but Sandy had warned her to beware of fortune-hunters, so she cold-shouldered all attentions. Her beauty was waning; it was of a surety the gold "in the bank" they were courting, and Sandy—poor Sandy!—would never rest in his grave if he thought she would be misled by any of these ravaging wolves after the "silver."

But it was lonely work—very; and on looking back, even Sandy's silent, reserved companionship had been, or seemed to have been, the acme of cheerfulness.

It was early morning. The servants were astir, out in the fields. Mary shaded her eyes with her hand and gazed out over the moor, covered with its bonnie blooming heather, and far beyond to the great mountains, bathed in bright sunlight, and her "gude man's" words came to her mind: "There'll be mony a man after ye whin I'm gone, Mary wumman. Liker than no' it'll be for your bit money, more than for yersel'. So tak tent, but mind ye, considerin' it'll be eerie like for ye here when I'm awa', I've no objections to ye coupin' wi' a decent lad, always providin' that it is yersel' he loes, and no' yer bawbees. Also, dinna forget to mak' sure he's an able man; yin no' above dainin' gude, honest work, an' that'll strive for yer comfort afore all else—as I've done, though it mightna be aye in a smooth-tongued way, lass. But I've warrant an honest heart an' fustian's better than broadcloth an' fine speeches that are no sincere."

Overstressed of work lately, along with petty disagreements among the "hands," which she felt unable to quell, and, above all, a natural longing for companionship of a congenial nature, brought these almost last words of her husband to her mind. Now just how to set about following up this advice rather puzzled Mary. She had heard stories of women, evidently devoid of all sense of modesty, "advertising." The very thought of such a proceeding made her cheeks burn. "Advertising for a husband!" When Sandy was "sparking" her she hadn't even met him "halfway." She felt discouraged, and quite a few salt tears fell and mingled with the golden pats of fresh butter which she was deftly handling and packing, ready to send off.

The last pound had no label—she found she had run short of them, so ran to her desk for a sheet of soft white paper. An idea struck her. Taking a pen, she wrote on the sheet: "This butter was churned, worked and packed by me—Mary McTavish—a poor, lonely widow of eight and twenty, at Brindle Farm, Ayr, Scotland."

By some strange chance that very consignment found its way to the home of a well-to-do widower of middle age and good connections, a man far above the sordid pettiness of being on the lookout for a well-dowered "No. two." Then such butter!—delicious!—solid cream! The woman who could make such must be well worth looking after. He spread it thickly on both sides of his bread, the better to test its flavor, and then, with a thump on the solid ma-

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hogany table which set all the crockery dancing and caused the toast to reel out of the rack and stagger down to the floor in a tipsy manner, he exclaimed: "I'll make her number two as sure as my name's John Jamieson! Let's see!" smoothing out the little greasy bit of paper—"Mary! a good name—my mother's—gude thing it's no' 'Jeanie!' Puir lass! I mind fine her saying, 'John, there'll be mony a wumman after ye—all kinds—after I'm gone, mair than likely more for your bit money than for yersel', though ye're a well-favored man, John,' says she, 'a vera well-favored man. I've nae objections to yer mairrying a decent woman that isn't taken up wi' fine dices and faldernals'—them's the very words—'for ye'll be kind of lonesome whin I'm awa', man John. Kind o' lonesome!'—and John Jamieson drew his horny hand across his eyes. "But mind ye, puir Jeanie said, says she, 'ye get a capable lass, yin no' above gude, honest work, an' that'll keep ye as—comfortable as I've striven to dae.'" Here a few salt tears dropped quietly upon the very pat of fresh butter which had been baptized already by those of Mary McTavish.

John cleared his keen eyes a second time and proceeded to business. "Poor! comes next; that's a' richt. She'll no' hae fine dices and faldernals, an' I can gie her o' the winney and homespun she needs" (with a little chuckle). "Then lonesome! Ah! that's it. Lonesome! So am I! For it's jist wearin' ma heart out, I am, though I'm blest if I quite realized it till I saw this scrap o' paper an' I sampled her butter. A woman who can mak' stuff like that is no' above honest work, so I'm keepin' tae the promise I made my gude wife, langsyne, tae the letter. An' no' takin' a designing hussy tae my heart and home."

And so, before another hour was over, John Sutherland Jamieson had indited and posted a letter to Brindle Farm. It was short, but to the point. The answer was also brief—and practical. What followed is the business of no one, except those most interested.

However, the widow and widower are lonely no more. JETNA.

How He Reached the Links.



1. Perceval—Weally, Miss Byssops, I er—I am getting most fearfully tired. Is it much farther to the links?



2. Miss Byssops—Don't mention it, Mr. Brownless.

Mrs. Wiggs.

While her bright sayings have brought money and fame to the author, Mrs. Alice Hegan Rice, as well as to the publishers, the dramatist, the actors, and everybody connected with "Mrs. Wiggs" as a book or a play, Mrs. Mary A. Bass, the original sage of the cabbage patch, is living in her former poverty in Louisville, Ky.

The New Thought of Faith.

(Continued from Page 2.)

fragments may be—but yet only a few fragments of the great whole of truth—and therefore that it becomes us all to be very modest, and very teachable, and certainly very tolerant.

Truth, whether religious truth or any other, is a river. It does not start into full size at once; nor does it come from any one source. Rather is it born of ten thousand springs and rills that burst from the rocks in unthought-of places, and come down silently from all the hills of the world's enquiry and thought, each contributing something to the river that is to be.

Still further: The better religion coming will be a more practical religion than that of the past. It will live more in this world and less in speculations and dreams and anxieties about what there may be beyond this world. It will see that the true way to prepare for the hereafter is to live a right life here and now. It will understand, with Jesus, that what we sow we shall reap, not only in this world, but in all worlds. It will be mightily in earnest, as Jesus was, to build up the Kingdom of Heaven on this earth. And it will be wise enough to know that the way to build up the Kingdom of Heaven on the earth is to fight down ignorance and build up knowledge, to fight down slavery and build up freedom, to fight down wrong and build up right, to fight down vice and sin and build up virtue and righteousness. Therefore, it will be mightily interested in all such practical matters as schools and education and civic order, and the putting of conscience and moral principles into politics and temperance, and the suppression of betting and gambling, and the remedying of race and class injustices, and the abolition of war. In such practical ways as these the better religion coming will descend out of the clouds of selfish speculation about how to save its own soul and set about the urgent task of doing what it can to benefit others and to regenerate the world.

Still again: The better religion which the twentieth century will welcome will be a more glad and bright and hopeful religion than most of the religion of the past has been. Calvinism, and indeed the old so-called orthodoxy in all its forms, is a religion of despair. According to its tendency, the very beginning of human history the most awful catastrophe possible to be conceived overtakes the race. The whole world becomes ruined and lost.

But, thank heaven, at last all this dark and terrible nightmare of a fallen race and a ruined world and endless torments, and a God that could plan anything so horrible, is beginning to pass away as a thing of the night, and the morning, clearer seeing and consequently of hope, is rising on men's vision.

We are beginning to see that God's plans have never broken down; that this world is a part of our Father's house; that man is His child; that the whole history of the world is but a history of the divine education of the human race.

With such a glorious faith as this at its heart, how can the coming religion be anything else but bright and glad? a religion with eyes open to see and enjoy the beauty of the world; a religion which children will love; a religion which the young will welcome; a religion in which the old will find comfort; a religion to fill all life with courage and strength, and to span the grave with the rainbow of eternal hope.

The better religion coming will be a consistent and an honest religion. It will not play fast and loose with truth. It will not be willing to ride two horses, one truth, the other superstition; one, that thought of the Bible and religion and God which modern science and modern knowledge justify, and the other that mediæval thought of these which is outgrown and ought to be laid aside. It will not use old words in new senses, when it knows that it will be understood as using them in the old sense. It will not, as I recently heard, preach a sweet, broad, helpful sermon and sandwich it in between hymns revolting by reason of the bloody and dark theology which they taught. It will not preach a genuinely twentieth century sermon and precede the sermon with a liturgy absolutely mediæval in its theology.

No, the better religion coming will be consistent and candid and sincere. What it says one time it will say all the time. What it declares in sermon it will declare in hymn and scripture and liturgy. What it teaches in the pulpit it will

teach in the prayer meeting and the Sunday school, and everywhere else.

This means that the better Christianity coming will refuse to subscribe to creeds, or to support creeds, that it has outgrown. You know it is getting to be one of the commonest of things for persons to belong to churches and to support churches whose creeds they do not believe. It is getting too common for both ministers and lay people to subscribe to confessions of faith, with what are called "mental reservations." But what is a mental reservation? It is a mental untruth.

Think what must be the moral effect of such insincerity. If men may play fast and loose—in other words, if they may be insincere in religion, where are we to look for honesty?

When it sees great, new constellations of truth rising above its horizons and shining with new and glorious light in its skies it will confess the fact.

The religion which is coming will be a deeper religion than the past has known—a religion which cares less for the superficial and unimportant things, and more for the central, vital things; and therefore it will be less sectarian.

Hence we see why it is necessary to heal factions already made—to cause good men to sheath their polemical weapons and come together in a great brotherhood. It is to get down to deeper and more rational things, and inward to more vital and central things. Once relegated to their properly subordinate place all merely speculative questions, and questions which have to do only with the externalities, of Christianity—such as questions about rites, ceremonies, forms of worship, baptisms, communions, speculative doctrines of trinites and "schemes" of redemption, and theories of atonements, and infallibility dogmas about Bibles and churches and popes, and such like things, and nine-tenths of Christendom could unite at once in one great brotherhood.

Let us be sure that it is in the direction of such a church—such a better Christianity—better because broader, sweeter and deeper—that the world is moving. Many signs of progress are already appearing. The things that divide are seeming less important. The shibboleths are growing fewer, thank God! Deeper still must our wells be sunk; from deeper depths still must the waters of our religious faith and life be drawn; so will it come to pass that we shall grow at last ashamed to test anyone's Christianity by anything more superficial than character and life.

Yes, I repeat, a better religion will come—is already coming—to the world. Many persons are afraid, and cry out in alarm at its approach. But there is no cause for alarm, but rather reason for great joy. For the new religion turns out to be only the Christianity of the Golden Rule, the Lord's Prayer and the command of love to God and man which Jesus taught—this brought back to men once more, after its long banishment, and quickened to new life, to bless and save the world. The new religion turns out to be none other than the dear old Christianity of our fathers, but now purified from its corruptions, purged from the outgrown theologies which the dark ages of the past have fastened upon it—enlarged, adapted to the living, practical needs of to-day, and its windows thrown open to all the growing light of God.

Do any of us grow discouraged because its coming is so slow? Discouraged! Discouragement, doubt, fear, are words that should have no place in the vocabulary of a Christian. God rules. Our place is to be faithful, do our part, and go forward, leaving the issue with God. The night will not continue forever. The morning comes.

"There's a fount about to stream, There's a light about to beam, There's a warmth about to glow, There's a flower about to blow, There's a midnight blackness changing into gray— Men of thought and men of action, Lead the way!"

Aid the dawning tongue and pen, Aid it, hopes of honest men; Aid it, paper; aid it, type; Aid it, for the hour is ripe; And our earnest must not slacken into play: Men of thought, and men of action, Lead the way!"

We sigh for things that mother cooked, And yet, there is no doubt, They must have been the very ones That father kicked about.

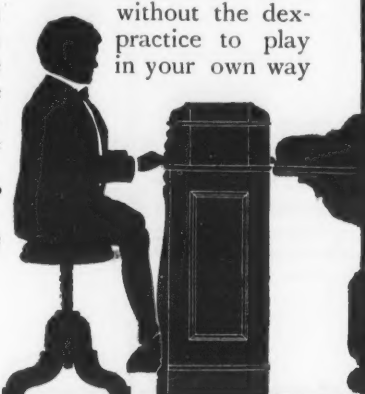
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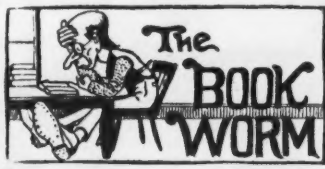
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KIPLING'S new book of verse, "The Five Nations," published by George N. Morang Company (Limited), is more easily described, after the first reading, in negatives than in any positive form. It must be admitted that the volume is not so audaciously original as "Barrack Room Ballads," nor so thrilling as "Seven Seas." There is nothing quite so splendidly profane as "Gunga Din," nothing so profoundly stirring as "McAndrew's Hymn," nothing so melodious as "The Flowers." Perhaps, since the "Recessional" closes the volume, there will be found those who consider that, after all, it contains Kipling's deepest utterance. There are fifty-three poems in the book, and of these many are familiar. We have heard of the "True of the Bear" before, and alas! we read "Our Lady of the Snows" just six years ago. There are poems in this collection that are the dullest and dreariest prose—wretched stuff—what a certain critic has called "rag-time poetry." But there are others, such as "The Feet of the Young Men," "The Bell Buoy," "The Palace," "Sussex" and "The Dirge of Dead Sisters," that are worth ten times the price of the volume to those who have the appreciation of the things that are truly Kipling's. The poet who tells us of the "Broken Men" is the same who sang that defiant, heart-broken strain, "Gentlemen, Rankers." It holds and thrills you with its bitter cry. Kipling's wonderful use of color blazes in such lines as "The wine-dark flats below," "Opal and ash-of-roses," "Violet peaks uplifted through the crystal evening air." There is magic in such phrases, as in the melting line about "The Young Queen," Australia,

"Ropel with the pearls of the Northland, and red with the gold of the West."

No one but Rudyard Kipling could have written "Boots." It is a wonderful and maddening bit of realism that no one who wishes not to be haunted should read for the second time. The patriotism of the South African poems is the manly, sensible sentiment with which we are familiar—nothing of the kind in spite of what the critics of the Little England school may assert. How the following four lines from "The Return" go to the heart of our belief in the Empire:

"If England was what England seems, An' not the England of our dreams, But only putty, brass, an' paint, 'Ow quick we'd chuck 'er! But she ain't."

And so, after listening to the "rip of the racing tide," and the call of the "Red Gods," after watching Matun, the old blind beggar, as he lifts the bandage, and seeing the "great spaces washed with sun" where Cecil Rhodes was laid to rest, after catching a whiff of the close-bit thyme at Sussex by the Sea, we come to the stately music of the "Recessional," and cannot but believe that the poet wrote it with an unworried toil aside and be once more "a King who shall build."

One of Amy Le Feuvre's new books, "Two Tramps" (Fleming H. Revell Company), is another of those most interesting stories for children. Her small hero, "Rollo," starts out with his uncle, a busy man of the world, on a tramp in rural England in a search for health, and their experiences are narrated in such a way that the tale never falls on the mind of the reader. The boy's versatile brain makes everything worthy of notice and his originality is quite refreshing. There are word pictures that must appeal to hearts and thought pictures that make the unseen real and near, while a delicate charm pervades the entire story.

The publication of Mr. Winston Churchill's new book, "The Crossing," has been delayed. It will not be published till next year.

James Lumsden's "Through Canada In Harvest Time," published by T. Fisher Unwin, should be read by every Canadian and by every Englishman who wishes to know the truth about Canada. The book is intensely interesting and full of information about our country's resources and achievements. Between Montreal and Vancouver the writer loses no significant aspect of Canadian enterprise, and all these facts about forests, nickel mines and grain are told in a delightfully breezy and entertaining fashion. The illustrations are good, the type clear, and everything about the book attractive. We are indeed indebted to the author who has reaped such a harvest in Canadian fields.

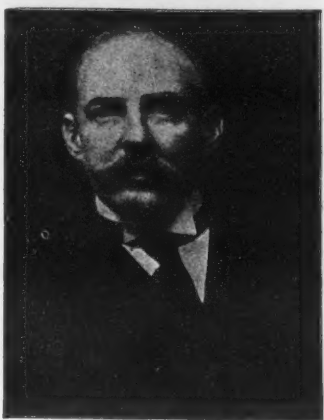
"On the Road to Arcady," published by the Fleming H. Revell Company, is a dainty little story by Mabel Nelson Thurston, with the freshness of country air and the charm of an extremely simple love story. Perrie, Ethelwyn and the children whom they entertain in the country, are gentle and winsome characters.

The following works by Mr. Henry J. Morgan are in preparation:

- "Types of Canadian Women."
- "Canadian Men and Women of the Time."
- "The Bibliotheca Canadensis."
- "A Dictionary of Eminent Canadians."
- "Forty-two Years in the Civil Service of Canada."

Of the several clever novels published by the Fleming H. Revell Company this season, "Honor Dalton," by Frances Campbell Sparhawk, is one of the most interesting. It is permeated by neither history nor science, but deals with the everyday problems of everyday life, and these the writer treats with an infinite disregard of that element of "the impossible" that is adopted by many writers of the present day. She has a crisp, terse way of laying bare the good points and the shortcomings of her characters, two of whom—her hero and heroine—have a hard, bitter battle, and are whirled about on the wheel of fortune. They rise above and overcome every obstacle, are "true to their colors" and loyal in their love, and finally happiness reigns supreme.

Another of Francis Marion Crawford's



F. Marion Crawford.

very original novels has just been published by the Copp, Clark Company, Limited. "The Heart of Rome" is a tale of the "Lost Water," which is known to exist at many points under the Eternal City. The subject, which is a difficult one to treat, is admirably dealt with by this clever writer, who introduces a series of intricate situations in a search for a hidden treasure, which is finally discovered in an underground vault. His hero, Marino Malipieri, a famous young architect, is a most distinctive type of the aristocratic Italian, and the author weaves a charming love story, with Malipieri and a daughter of the great mediaeval family of Conti for its principals. In places the book reminds one of "The Roman Singer," inasmuch that there is an indescribable something—a fascinating airiness—about it, that while its theme centers about a certain train of deep thought, there is a light vein pervading it that tempers the depth with a charm that must appeal to the everyday reader of fiction.

A Literary Feast.

Last Monday evening Messrs. George N. Morang & Co. gave a dinner at their offices to mark the publication of the first volume of "The Makers of Canada" series, "The Life of Lord Elgin," by the late Sir John Bourinot. Among those present were Rev. Chancellor Burwash, Mr. B. E. Walker, Mr. J. A. Macdonald, Principal Auden, Rev. J. A. Macdonald, Dr. James Bain, Mr. C. A. Jennings, Professor Wrong, Mr. John Lewis, Dr. Hanway of Fredericton, Mr. James L. Hughes, Mr. D. B. Hanna, Mr. Frederic Nicholls, Mr. Walter Barwick, Professor Ramsay Wright, Professor Pelham Edgar, Mr. T. Arnold Haultain, Mr. H. C. Hammond, Professor Mavor, Mr. R. L. Patterson, Commodore Boswell, Mr. Dickson Patterson, Mr. T. G. Patterson, Mr. T. G. Marquis, Mr. G. N. Morang, Mr. W. J. Heaven, Mr. J. C. Saul and Mr. A. M. Grantham.

Letters of regret were read from Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the Hon. G. W. Ross, Attorney-General Longley of Nova Scotia, Mr. Duncan Campbell Scott, F.R.S.C., and other authors of books in the series. The project of "The Makers of Canada" has been under consideration for about ten years, and plans have been maturing for that time which resulted in the publication of this first volume. During the evening each guest was presented with a copy of the book as a souvenir of the occasion. Speeches were delivered by Rev. Dr. Burwash, Mr. Wilfrid Laurier, Rev. J. A. Macdonald, Mr. Byron E. Walker, Principal Auden, Professor Ramsay Wright, Professor Pelham Edgar and others.

Snobberies of Speech.

It was stated not long since, by no less an authority than Sir Harry Johnston, that the British nation is the most snobbish in the world; and that it is this fact which is responsible for our almost universal unpopularity among other nations. Apparently, however, what he meant by snobishness was rather what would more usually be described as "insular prejudice" or "provincialism." That is to say, that very circumscribed and limited outlook on the world which tends to make English people of a certain class look upon everything that is different from what they are accustomed to at home as of necessity bad and contemptible.

There is, however, a kind of snobishness which prevails very widely at the present moment, but particularly among the class that wishes to be considered "genteel"—a word, by the way, that is itself characteristic of this particular form of snobishness, for it is a word that is never employed seriously by people of real social position.

Now the curious point is that these "seekers after gentility," by insisting on the use of certain titles and phrases which they regard as dignified and "high-toned," only succeed (in the slang of the moment) in giving themselves hopelessly away.

For instance, a lady (using the word in the sense of a lady whose social position is beyond all question and cavil), in speaking of another woman of her own rank, would describe her as "a most delightful person," or alternatively as "a charming lady."

It is exactly the case contemplated by Shakespeare when he said,

"Methinks the lady doth protest too much."

A woman in society takes for granted that her friends are ladies, and therefore in mentioning them uses a word which merely defines their sex, and leaves their "gentility" to be inferred. But she will find that, in the class next below her, if she uses the word "woman," it will be received, either covertly or openly, with a toss of the head, and the remark, "Woman, indeed!"

In exactly the same way with the other (and less intelligent) sex, the man who describes his friend as "a very nice gentleman" writes himself down at once as one of whom it may be said:

"The social jargon is to him unknown, His is the speech of Stratford-upon-Avon."

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friends, to any one of whom he would refer as "a jolly man," "a decent chap," "a good sort," but never as "a nice gentleman."

It is difficult to say why this is, just as it is difficult to say why, in the very best society, it is not "the thing" to sound the "t" in the word often, but the fact remains that so it is, and whoever wishes to be considered "good form" will read, mark, learn and inwardly digest these little notices of speech, which to many people are a sort of touchstone to distinguish the border from the Upper Ten.

In exactly the same way there is the choice between the words "apartments" and "lodgings." The "lady" who lets lodgings is always most careful to describe them as "apartments," and would be much hurt if she heard the other less aristocratic term employed.

And yet the truth of the matter is that people who are "the real thing" never dream of "occupying apartments," but when they go to the seaside, if they do not wish to stay in a hotel, they invariably "go into lodgings." They would no more think of calling them apartments than of calling a hired cab "their carriage."

In America, being a democratic country, they are, of course, particularly jealous of titles. And it was in New York that the following characteristic incident happened to a friend of the writer:

The lady in question (a man may

speak of a woman of his acquaintance as a "lady" without offence) had driven up to one of the big drapery establishments in New York. After she had made a number of purchases, and collected a goodly array of parcels, she asked whether these could be taken out to her carriage.

"Certainly, madam," was the polite reply. "One of the young ladies will carry them out at once."

"Thank you," she said, "and would you mind telling the young lady that I think she will find my carriage in a side street. You see my coach-gentleman was unfortunately unable to draw up at the principal entrance, because that position was already occupied by the carriage of the dust-gentleman!"

Of course, the indiscriminate use of "gentility," a title which is now claimed by everyone who has a back-door (and a good many who have none), is all part and parcel of this hankering after a "gentility" beyond the rank and position which the claimant knows in his heart that he is really entitled to. After all, snobishness is a fairly harmless failing, and causes a lot of innocent amusement to the onlooker.

In the Breach of Promise Suit.

Judge—You deny that you ever loved the plaintiff, yet in one of your letters to her you ask her to be your valentine. Defendant—Yes, your honor. I meant comic valentine.



Mimus—We're going to give a dance on Friday, Jane, and I want you to do all you can to help us.
Jane—Well, mum, I'm afraid I ain't much good at that sort of thing. I only know a barrel-organ jig and a cake walk.



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Social and Personal.

A charming wedding, at which the home of the bride was transformed by Dunlop's clever men into a bower of green and white and pink, took place on Wednesday, when Miss Myrtle Ivey and Mr. J. Lindsey Wells of Memphis were married. The ceremony was celebrated in the drawing-room, at one end of which was reared an arch of green, surmounted by a canopy of British and United States flags, from which hung a true-lovers' knot of white carnations, symbol of the affection uniting "a belle Canadienne" and her lover from the Sunny South. All the wealth of floral and foliage decoration made summer-time on a November day. The doors were curtained with strands of green, and on every possible coign of vantage white mums in the drawing-room and pink carnations in the dining-room were planted and banded. The wedding breakfast table was done in pink roses. Into this charming environment the fair bride

was led by her father, Mr. John D. Ivey, looking a picture in a sumptuous gown of Liberty satin, frothed with chiffon ruffings, a stole of rich Brussels point on the bodice, and a veil and crown of orange blossoms. Miss Blanche Tatum of Memphis, who has been one of our charming Southern summer visitors, was maid of honor, and Miss Beatrice Ivey, Miss Mima Sill, Miss Leonore Ivey and Miss Marjory McBride were the bridesmaids. Mr. J. T. Wells of Dallas, Texas, was best man, and the ushers were Messrs. Percy Ivey, Garland, Struthers, London and Logan. Rev. Dr. Cleaver, assisted by Rev. Mr. Faircloth, performed the service. After the dejeuner Mr. and Mrs. Wells took the afternoon train for New York, the bride going away in a costume de voyage of gray and green tweed, a hat with trimming of green velvet touched with fur and a bird of paradise. Very many handsome presents were given this popular bride.

Mrs. Bailey and Mrs. Gordon of the King Edward went to New York to meet

Mr. Bailey, who returned north this week.

Mrs. Everard Cotes was entertained at luncheon at the Hunt Club during her stay in Toronto by Mr. George Tate Blackstock and Mrs. Blackstock Downey.

Miss Muriel Thompson of St. John, N.B., has been the guest of honor at several luncheons and other functions this week.

The engagement of Miss Edith Sparks of Ottawa, the young niece of Mrs. Clifford Sifton, to Major F. L. Vaux of the Canadian Medical staff, Ottawa, is announced. Miss Sparks came out a season or two ago, under Mrs. Sifton's wing, and I remember her as quite the prettiest girl at the Opening of the season of her debut. Major Vaux is a son of Dr. Vaux of Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. Lukes are en pension at Mrs. Mead's.

Mrs. Greville Harston's long siege of invalidism is at last drawing to a close, and she is able to receive her friends on her old day, first and third Tuesdays, at her home, 11 Wilcocks street. For nearly a year Mrs. Greville Harston has been laid up, and has now with her husband's niece, Miss May Harston, for the winter. Miss Harston is a thorough English girl, from Staffordshire, and an ardent lover of all the outdoor sports. She was captain of the ladies' county hockey team.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Mason's friends are waiting with some impatience to hear that Ernleigh is ready to receive visitors. The master and mistress have had their own discipline in the exasperating and dilatory ways of the trades people and mechanics who have kept Ernleigh so long maison fermee. After Christmas I hope it will be announced as being really out of their hands.

Mrs. William G. Bonne has issued invitations to the marriage of her daughter Ida and Mr. J. Walter Towney, which takes place in Elm street Church on December 2, at 2 o'clock, and will be followed by a reception at 40 Murray street.

Mrs. Shirley Denison is giving a tea on Monday.
Trinity College will be on fete next Wednesday for the annual dance of the Athletic Association.

A "Lost" Christmas Gift.

At the approach of the first Christmas after the wedding, a certain bride, desirous of giving her best beloved something made by her own affectionate but inexperienced hands, manufactured a truly wonderful nightshirt. It was made of pink and white outing flannel, trimmed with lace-edged ruffles, and was further embellished with rows of elaborate feather-stitching.

The surprised husband expressed a proper amount of gratitude, and said—with truth—that he had never beheld a garment to compare with it; but when

as ed later why he did not wear it, he replied that it was

Far too good
For human nature's daily food,
and that he was saving it for some occasion that really demanded a night-shirt of more than ordinary gorgeousness. It was just the thing, he averred, to wear if one happened to be convalescing from a broken limb or a long attack of fever.
But one day the husband telephoned that he was unexpectedly called out of town on business, and requested his wife to pack his valise and to have it at the station within the hour, all of which she did.

Feeling tired after a long day's ride, and having nothing better to occupy his time, the man went to his room at nine o'clock that night, intending to go at once to bed. When he unpacked his valise he discovered that the long-dreaded "special occasion" had arrived, for there, folded neatly in the valise, was the pink and white nightshirt, ribbons, ruffles and all.

The traveler was slightly bald, he wore a sandy moustache, and when he had tied the broad pink ribbons in a bow under his decidedly masculine chin, he made a picture never to be forgotten. He was just about to climb into bed hoping fervently that no sudden alarm of fire would render it necessary for him to appear unexpectedly in public, when he was startled by a loud rapping at his door.

Supposing his visitor to be the bearer of an expected telegram, he opened

the door to find himself confronted by the last person he wanted to see—or to be seen by—in the circumstances. His caller, a man upon whom, for business reasons, he was desirous of making a favorable impression, had discovered his name on the hotel register.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the astonished visitor, "are you on your way to a fancy dress ball?"

"No," returned the embarrassed victim. "I'm merely getting ready to go to bed in the nightshirt that my wife made me for Christmas."

The young wife subsequently considered it strange that her husband was never afterward able to recall the name of the town in which he absent-mindedly left that unexampled nightshirt under the hotel pillow.

"There were seven yards of lace on it, too," she would sometimes sigh, regretfully, "and four yards of ribbon; but, never mind, dear, I'll make you another some time."

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.
Births
Adams—Nov. 8, Toronto, Mrs. J. Frank Adams, a daughter.
Brown—Nov. 14, Toronto, Mrs. H. Russell Brown, a daughter.
Eastmure—Nov. 16, Toronto, Mrs. Arthur Eastmure, a son.
Wilmet—Nov. 15, Toronto, Mrs. Carleton Ross Wilmet, a daughter.
Monyenny—Nov. 16, Toronto, Mrs. T. F. Monyenny, a son.
Slms—Nov. 17, Weston, Mrs. F. L. H. Slms, a son.
Snow—Nov. 15, Bradford, Mrs. E. P. Snow, a son.
Brown—Nov. 13, Toronto, Mrs. Ernest W. Brown, a son.
Marriages
Barnard—Travers—Nov. 12, Hamilton, Harold Robert Barnard to Dora Louise Travers.
Gillespie—Smith—Nov. 14, Toronto, Henry Howard Gillespie to Valda Smith.
Bushell—Shannon—Nov. 12, Brantford, Reverend John Bushell to Mary Elizabeth Shannon.
Brokovski—Noble—Nov. 11, New York City (Harlem), J. Craig Brokovski to Annie H. Noble.
Harris—Myles—Nov. 18, Hamilton, Robert Brooks Harris to Emily Kathleen Myles.
Stephens—Lindsay—Nov. 11, Toronto, George Richard Stephens to May Janet Lindsay.
Miller—McIntosh—Nov. 18, Toronto, William H. Miller to Janet S. McIntosh.
Deaths
Allen—Nov. 17, Boulder, Col., Dr. Arthur Allen.
Parker—Nov. 17, at Knoyle, Cooksville, Sir Melville Parker, Bart., aged 79 years.
Snow—Nov. 15, Bradford, Ernest Frederick, infant son of E. F. Snow.
Oliphant—Nov. 18, Toronto, David Sewell.

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Oliphant, M.D., aged 87 years.
Lay—Nov. 15, Skagway, Alaska, Christina Margaret Gale Lay.
Morrison—Nov. 18, Toronto, Francis Morrison, aged 71 years.
Stewart—Nov. 16, Toronto, William Atwell Barr Stewart, aged 2 years and 5 months.

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